NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

No. DCVII.

JANUARY 18, 1907.

CHAPTERS FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—X.*

BY MARK TWAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.—Mr. Clemens began to write his autobiography many years ago, and he continues to add to it day by day. It was his original intention to permit no publication of his memoirs until after his death; but, after leaving "Pier No. 70," he concluded that a considerable portion might now suitably be given to the public. It is that portion, garnered from the quarter-million of words already written, which will appear in this REVIEW during the coming year. No part of the autobiography will be published in book form during the lifetime of the author.—EDITOR N. A. R.

[*Dictated March 28, 1906.*] Orion Clemens was born in Jamestown, Fentress County, Tennessee, in 1825. He was the family's
(1825.) first-born, and antedated me ten years. Between him and me came a sister, Margaret, who died, aged ten, in 1837, in that village of Florida, Missouri, where I was born; and Pamela, mother of Samuel E. Moffett, who was an invalid all
(1837.) her life and died in the neighborhood of New York a year ago, aged about seventy-five. Her character was without blemish, and she was of a most kindly and gentle dis-

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position. Also there was a brother, Benjamin, who died in 1843 aged ten or twelve.

(1843.) Orion's boyhood was spent in that wee little log hamlet of Jamestown up there among the "knobs"—so called—of East Tennessee. The family migrated to Florida, Missouri, then moved to Hannibal, Missouri, when Orion was twelve and a half years old. When he was fifteen or sixteen he was sent to St. Louis and there he learned the printer's trade. One of his characteristics was eagerness. He woke with an eagerness about some matter or other every morning; it consumed him all day; it perished in the night and he was on fire with a fresh new interest next morning before he could get his clothes on. He exploited in this way three hundred and sixty-five red-hot new eagernesses every year of his life. But I am forgetting another characteristic, a very pronounced one. That was his deep glooms, his despondencies, his despairs; these had their place in each and every day along with the eagernesses. Thus his day was divided —no, not divided, mottled—from sunrise to midnight with alternating brilliant sunshine and black cloud. Every day he was the most joyous and hopeful man that ever was, I think, and also every day he was the most miserable man that ever was.

While he was in his apprenticeship in St. Louis, he got well acquainted with Edward Bates, who was afterwards in Mr. Lincoln's first cabinet. Bates was a very fine man, an honorable and upright man, and a distinguished lawyer. He patiently allowed Orion to bring to him each new project; he discussed it with him and extinguished it by argument and irresistible logic—at first. But after a few weeks he found that this labor was not necessary; that he could leave the new project alone and it would extinguish itself the same night. Orion thought he would like to become a lawyer. Mr. Bates encouraged him, and he studied law nearly a week, then of course laid it aside to try something new. He wanted to become an orator. Mr. Bates gave him lessons. Mr. Bates walked the floor reading from an English book aloud and rapidly turning the English into French, and he recommended this exercise to Orion. But as Orion knew no French, he took up that study and wrought at it like a volcano for two or three days; then gave it up. During his apprenticeship in St. Louis he joined a number of churches, one after another, and taught in their Sunday-schools—changing his

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Sunday-school every time he changed his religion. He was correspondingly erratic in his politics—Whig to-day, Democrat next week, and anything fresh that he could find in the political market the week after. I may remark here that throughout his long life he was always trading religions and enjoying the change of scenery. I will also remark that his sincerity was never doubted; his truthfulness was never doubted; and in matters of business and money his honesty was never questioned. Notwithstanding his forever-recurring caprices and changes, his principles were high, always high, and absolutely unshakable. He was the strangest compound that ever got mixed in a human mould. Such a person as that is given to acting upon impulse and without reflection; that was Orion's way. Everything he did he did with conviction and enthusiasm and with a vainglorious pride in the thing he was doing—and no matter what that thing was, whether good, bad or indifferent, he repented of it every time in sackcloth and ashes before twenty-four hours had sped. Pessimists are born, not made. Optimists are born, not made. But I think he was the only person I have ever known in whom pessimism and optimism were lodged in exactly equal proportions. Except in the matter of grounded principle, he was as unstable as water. You could dash his spirits with a single word; you could raise them into the sky again with another one. You could break his heart with a word of disapproval; you could make him as happy as an angel with a word of approval. And there was no occasion to put any sense or any vestige of mentality of any kind into these miracles; anything you might say would answer.

He had another conspicuous characteristic, and it was the father of those which I have just spoken of. This was an intense lust for approval. He was so eager to be approved, so girlishly anxious to be approved by anybody and everybody, without discrimination, that he was commonly ready to forsake his notions, opinions and convictions at a moment's notice in order to get the approval of any person who disagreed with them. I wish to be understood as reserving his fundamental principles all the time. He never forsook those to please anybody. Born and reared among slaves and slaveholders, he was yet an abolitionist from his boyhood to his death. He was always truthful; he was always sincere; he was always honest and honorable. But in

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light matters—matters of small consequence, like religion and politics and such things—he never acquired a conviction that could survive a disapproving remark from a cat.

He was always dreaming; he was a dreamer from birth, and this characteristic got him into trouble now and then.

Once when he was twenty-three or twenty-four years old, and was become a journeyman, he conceived the romantic idea of coming to Hannibal without giving us notice, in order that he might furnish to the family a pleasant surprise. If he had given notice, he would have been informed that we had changed our residence and that that gruff old bass-voiced sailorman, Dr. G., our family physician, was living in the house which we had formerly occupied and that Orion's former room in that house was now occupied by Dr. G.'s two middle-aged maiden sisters. Orion arrived at Hannibal per steamboat in the middle of the night, and started with his customary eagerness on his excursion, his mind all on fire with his romantic project and building and enjoying his surprise in advance. He was always enjoying things in advance; it was the make of him. He never could wait for the event, but must build it out of dream-stuff and enjoy it beforehand—consequently sometimes when the event happened he saw that it was not as good as the one he had invented in his imagination, and so he had lost profit by not keeping the imaginary one and letting the reality go.

When he arrived at the house he went around to the back door and slipped off his boots and crept up-stairs and arrived at the room of those elderly ladies without having wakened any sleepers. He undressed in the dark and got into bed and snuggled up against somebody. He was a little surprised, but not much—for he thought it was our brother Ben. It was winter, and the bed was comfortable, and the supposed Ben added to the comfort—and so he was dropping off to sleep very well satisfied with his progress so far and full of happy dreams of what was going to happen in the morning. But something else was going to happen sooner than that, and it happened now. The maid that was being crowded fumed and fretted and struggled and presently came to a half-waking condition and protested against the crowding. That voice paralyzed Orion. He couldn't move a limb; he couldn't get his breath; and the crowded one discovered his new whiskers and began to scream. This removed the paralysis,

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and Orion was out of bed and clawing round in the dark for his clothes in a fraction of a second. Both maids began to scream, then, so Orion did not wait to get his whole wardrobe. He started with such parts of it as he could grab. He flew to the head of the stairs and started down, and was paralyzed again at that point, because he saw the faint yellow flame of a candle soaring up the stairs from below and he judged that Dr. G. was behind it, and he was. He had no clothes on to speak of, but no matter, he was well enough fixed for an occasion like this, because he had a butcher-knife in his hand. Orion shouted to him, and this saved his life, for the Doctor recognized his voice. Then in those deep-sea-going bass tones of his that I used to admire so much when I was a little boy, he explained to Orion the change that had been made, told him where to find the Clemens family, and closed with some quite unnecessary advice about posting himself before he undertook another adventure like that —advice which Orion probably never needed again as long as he lived.

One bitter December night, Orion sat up reading until three o'clock in the morning and then, without looking at a clock, sallied forth to call on a young lady. He hammered and hammered at the door; couldn't get any response; didn't understand it. Anybody else would have regarded that as an indication of some kind or other and would have drawn inferences and gone home. But Orion didn't draw inferences, he merely hammered and hammered, and finally the father of the girl appeared at the door in a dressing-gown. He had a candle in his hand and the dressing-gown was all the clothing he had on—except an expression of unwelcome which was so thick and so large that it extended all down his front to his instep and nearly obliterated the dressing-gown. But Orion didn't notice that this was an unpleasant expression. He merely walked in. The old gentleman took him into the parlor, set the candle on a table, and stood Orion made the usual remarks about the weather, and sat down —sat down and talked and talked and went on talking—that old man looking at him vindictively and waiting for his chance —waiting treacherously and malignantly for his chance. Orion had not asked for the young lady. It was not customary. It was understood that a young fellow came to see the girl of the house, not the founder of it. At last Orion got up and made

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some remark to the effect that probably the young lady was busy and he would go now and call again. That was the old man's chance, and he said with fervency "Why good land, aren't you going to stop to breakfast?"

Orion did not come to Hannibal until two or three years after my father's death. Meantime he remained in St. Louis. He was a journeyman printer and earning wages. Out of his wage he supported my mother and my brother Henry, who was two years younger than I. My sister Pamela helped in this support by taking piano pupils. Thus we got along, but it was pretty hard sledding. I was not one of the burdens, because I was taken from school at once, upon my father's death, and placed in the office of the Hannibal "Courier," as printer's apprentice, and Mr. S., the editor and proprietor of the paper, allowed me the usual emolument of the office of apprentice—that is to say board and clothes, but no money. The clothes consisted of two suits a year, but one of the suits always failed to materialize and the other suit was not purchased so long as Mr. S.'s old clothes held out. I was only about half as big as Mr. S., consequently his shirts gave me the uncomfortable sense of living in a circus tent, and I had to turn up his pants to my ears to make them short enough.

There were two other apprentices. One was Steve Wilkins, seventeen or eighteen years old and a giant. When he was in Mr. S.'s clothes they fitted him as the candle-mould fits the candle—thus he was generally in a suffocated condition, particularly in the summer-time. He was a reckless, hilarious, admirable creature; he had no principles, and was delightful company. At first we three apprentices had to feed in the kitchen with the old slave cook and her very handsome and bright and well-behaved young mulatto daughter. For his own amusement—for he was not generally laboring for other people's amusement—Steve was constantly and persistently and loudly and elaborately making love to that mulatto girl and distressing the life out of her and worrying the old mother to death. She would say, "Now, Marse Steve, Marse Steve, can't you behave yourself?" With encouragement like that, Steve would naturally renew his attentions and emphasize them. It was killingly funny to Ralph and me. And, to speak truly, the old mother's

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distress about it was merely a pretence. She quite well understood that by the customs of slaveholding communities it was Steve's right to make love to that girl if he wanted to. But the girl's distress was very real. She had a refined nature, and she took all Steve's extravagant love-making in resentful earnest.

We got but little variety in the way of food at that kitchen table, and there wasn't enough of it anyway. So we apprentices used to keep alive by arts of our own—that is to say, we crept into the cellar nearly every night, by a private entrance which we had discovered, and we robbed the cellar of potatoes and onions and such things, and carried them down-town to the printing-office, where we slept on pallets on the floor, and cooked them at the stove and had very good times.

As I have indicated, Mr. S.'s economies were of a pretty close and rigid kind. By and by, when we apprentices were promoted from the basement to the ground floor and allowed to sit at the family table, along with the one journeyman, Harry H., the economies continued. Mrs. S. was a bride. She had attained to that distinction very recently, after waiting a good part of a lifetime for it, and she was the right woman in the right place, according to the economics of the place, for she did not trust the sugar-bowl to us, but sweetened our coffee herself. That is, she went through the motions. She didn't really sweeten it. She seemed to put one heaping teaspoonful of brown sugar into each cup, but, according to Steve, that was a deceit. He said she dipped the spoon in the coffee first to make the sugar stick, and then scooped the sugar out of the bowl with the spoon upside down, so that the effect to the eye was a heaped-up spoon, whereas the sugar on it was nothing but a layer. This all seems perfectly true to me, and yet that thing would be so difficult to perform that I suppose it really didn't happen, but was one of Steve's lies.

MARK TWAIN.

(To be Continued.)

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ETHICS OF CORPORATE MANAGEMENT.

BY ARTHUR TWINING HADLEY, PRESIDENT OF YALE UNIVERSITY.

Our traditional system of law and ethics is based on the existence of competition. We assume that if one man does business badly, people can deal with some one else. This danger of losing business, where it exists, is a powerful force, tending to make the merchant or manufacturer do well by his customers, and is in nineteen cases out of twenty a more efficient protection than any law possibly could be.

Broadly speaking, this has been true. But competition never has been quite as free or universal as the law assumes. There have always been places too small to get the benefit of it; there have always been business men too skilful to allow themselves to be hampered by it. In his charmingly practical book on "Politics" Aristotle tells two stories which are of perennial interest to the student of industrial combination. In the first of these, he relates how Thales of Miletus was a great philosopher, but was reproached by his neighbors because he was not as rich as they were. By his acquaintance with astronomy, Thales foresaw that there would be large crops of olives, and he purchased all the olive-presses of Miletus, depositing a very small sum in each case so as to make the transaction complete. When the olives were ripe, behold! there was no one but Thales to rent them the presses whereby they might make their oil; and Thales, who was thus able to charge what price he pleased, realized an enormous sum. He did this, says Aristotle, not because he cared for the money, but to show his neighbors that a philosopher can be richer than anybody else if he wants to, and if he is not, it simply proves that he has more worthy objects of contemplation.

There was a man in Syracuse, Aristotle goes on to say, in the days of Dionysius the Tyrant, who bought all the iron in Sicily

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on so narrow a margin that without raising the price very much he was able to make twice the amount of his total investment in a short time. When Dionysius the Tyrant heard of this he was pleased with the ingenuity of the man; and he told him that he might keep his money, but that he had better leave Syracuse.

These stories show plainly enough that monopolies are no new thing; that more than two thousand years ago there was a Standard Oil Company of Asia Minor and a United States Steel Corporation of Sicily; and that the President of the United States is by no means the first monarch who has addressed himself somewhat aggressively to the problem of trust regulation. But in ancient times these monopolies of producers or merchants were an exception; now they are becoming the general rule.

The development of the power-loom and the spinning-machine in the middle of the eighteenth century, followed shortly by that of the steam-engine, substituted a system of centralized industry, where a number of people work together, for the scattered industry of the older times, where people worked separately. The invention of the steamship and the railroad enabled the large factories of modern times to send their goods all over the world, and allowed the establishments to increase in size as long as any economy in production was to be gained by such an increase. The capital required for these large industries was far beyond the power of any one man or any small group of partners to furnish. The modern industrial corporation, with free transfer of stock, limited liability of the shareholders, and representative government through a board of directors, was developed as a means of meeting this need for capital. Men who could take no direct part in the management of an industrial enterprise, and whose capital was only a very small fraction of what was needed for the purpose, could, under the system of limited liability, safely associate themselves with a hundred or a thousand others to take the chance of profit which concentration of capital afforded.

These industrial units soon became so large that a single one of them was able to supply the whole market. Competition was done away with, and monopoly took its place. This effect was first felt in the case of railroad transportation. You could not generally have the choice between two independent lines of railroad, because business which would furnish a profit to one line was generally quite inadequate to support a second. Nor could

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you hope for the competition of different owners of locomotives and cars on the same line of track, because of the opportunities for accident and loss to which such a system was exposed. In England, indeed, they were impressed with the analogy of a railroad to a turnpike or canal, and for nearly half a century after the establishment of railroads they made all their laws on the supposition that cars and locomotives would be owned by different people. But the failure of these laws, when so persistently enacted and backed by a conservatism of feeling so strong as that of the English nation, is the best proof of the impracticability of the scheme. By 1850 it became pretty clear that most railroads had a monopoly of their local business. By 1870 the consequences of this monopoly had become quite clearly apparent.

These consequences were in some respects good and in some respects bad. The railroad managers were quick to introduce improvements and to effect economy of organization. These improvements allowed them to make their rates very low on through business in general, and particularly on business which came into competition with other railroads or with water routes. But the extreme lowness of these through rates only emphasized the glaring inequality between the treatment of the through or competitive business, and the local business of which the railroad had a monopoly. On the old turnpike, the cost of transportation had been high, but the shipper could rely upon the price as fair. There was always enough competition between different carriers to prevent them from making extortionate profits on any one shipment. On the railroad, which took the place of the turnpike, the cost of transportation was very much lower, but there was no assurance whatever of fairness. The local rates were sometimes kept two or three times as high as the through ones; and the shipper had to see carloads of freight hauled to market past his house from more distant points at twenty-five dollars a carload, when he himself was paying fifty dollars a carload for but a part of the same haulage. Nor was this the worst. Arbitrary differences between places were bad enough; but there was a similar discrimination between different persons in the same place. The local freight-agent was a sort of almoner of the corporation. The man who gained his ear, whether by honest means or not, got a low rate. The man who failed to get the ear of the freight-agent had to pay a much higher rate for the same service.

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In this country things were at their worst in the years immediately following the civil war. While we had a one-price system in the trade of the country, both wholesale and retail, and in its banking, and to a large degree in its labor market, the whole system of American railroad rates was run on principles which a decently conducted store would have scorned to admit into its management. Our industrial methods had changed too fast for our ethics to keep pace with them. In the old-fashioned lines of business, people were allowed to charge what prices they pleased, because competition kept their power of making mistakes within narrow limits. In the local railroad freight business, competition was done away with, and the managers did not see the necessity of substituting any other legal or moral restraint in its stead. In fact, they asserted a constitutional right to be free of all other legal or moral restraints. They regarded the liberty to serve the public in their own way, which had been allowed them under the competitive system, as carrying with it a right to hurt the public in their own way when the protection of competition was done away with. Instead of seeing that the constitutional rights for the protection of property had grown up because property was wisely used, they asserted that it was none of the public's business how they used the property, as long as they kept within the letter of the Constitution.

Of course this arbitrary exercise of power provoked a reaction. The State Legislatures of the Mississippi Valley passed the various Granger laws which were placed on their statute-books from 1870 to 1875. These laws represented an attempt to reduce rates as unintelligent and crude as had been the attempts of the railroad agents to maintain rates. In the conflict of constitutional authority, the courts, on the whole, took the side of the Legislatures more than they did that of the railroads; and the ill-judged laws regulating railroad charges, which could not be repealed until several years too late, were an important factor in increasing the commercial distress that followed the crisis of 1873.

Just when things were at their worst, a really great man appeared on the scene of action in Charles Francis Adams of the Massachusetts Railroad Commission. He promulgated an idea, essentially ethical in its character, which not only was of great service at the time, but has been the really vital force in all good

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schemes of corporate regulation ever since. It is hardly too much to say that all our plans for dealing with corporate monopoly have been successful according to the extent to which they conformed to Mr. Adams's idea, and that their ill success in various cases has been the result of departure from it. Mr. Adams's central principle was this: In the management of a railroad, the temporary interests of the road and of its various shippers are often divergent; but the permanent interests of the railroad and of the various shippers come very much closer together than the temporary ones, and can almost be said to coincide. A railroad which is managed to make the most profit for the moment will try to make very low rates on through business that might otherwise go to another line, and will squeeze to the utmost the local shippers who have no such refuge. But if a manager looks five years or ten years ahead, he will see that such a policy kills the local business, which, after all, must furnish the road's best custom, and stimulates a kind of competitive business which can and will go somewhere else when the slightest opportunity is given. The manager who looks to the future, therefore, instead of to the present, will put the local business on the same level as the through business; and if he makes any difference at all in the charge, it will be due to a slightly superior economy of handling large and regular consignments for long distances, as compared with the small and irregular consignments of intermediate points. The agent who simply wants to get the most money that he can for the moment will see an apparent advantage in making a special bargain with each customer. The agent who takes a long look ahead will do just what the storekeeper does who takes a long look ahead. He will see that the right customer to develop is the self-respecting man who is content with the same treatment as other customers; who is too proud for begging and too honest for bribery.

I cannot go into all the details of the application of this theory. Suffice it to say that, during the comparatively short time when he was at the head of the Massachusetts Commission, Mr. Adams did in fact persuade the railroad men of his State, and of a great many other States, to take this view of the matter; that by his recommendation, made without any authority except the authority of common sense, he permanently removed more abuses in railroad management than all the various State

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statutes put together; and that the judicial decisions of the years from 1875 to 1885, when Mr. Adams's influence was dominant, show a constantly increased understanding, not only of the principles of railroad economy, but of the principles which make for the permanent public welfare of shippers and investors alike.

I have spoken of Mr. Adams's influence as an ethical one. The Railroad Commission of Massachusetts, under the original bill which established it, had practically no powers except the power to report. It was for this reason regarded by many as likely to be a totally ineffective body. This absence of specific powers was just what Mr. Adams welcomed. It threw the Commission back on the power of common sense—which does not seem as strong as statutory rights to prosecute people and put them in prison, but which, in the hands of a man who really possesses it, is actually very much stronger. And when commissions of more recent years, disregarding the experience of Mr. Adams, have besought over and over again for an increase of their power to make rates, and their power to prosecute offenders, and their power to keep the courts from reviewing their acts, I am reminded of the minister in the country church who said, "O Lord, we pray for power; O Lord, we pray for power;" until an old deacon, unable to contain himself, interrupted, "'Tain't power you lack, young man; it's idees!"

In a complex matter like this we are governed by public opinion. Anything that makes it necessary for a man to get public opinion behind a measure of administration or regulation prevents him from trying unsound experiments, and assures him that the things that he carries through will be successful in fact and not merely in name. Good sense is needed to create acquiescence on the part of the courts, and to prevent widespread evasion of statutes and ordinances by the business men of the community as a body. Any measure which seems to dispense with the necessity of its exercise is pretty sure to end in disaster.

I have gone into the detail of Mr. Adams's work for the sake of this ethical lesson which it inculcates. We have passed beyond the conditions of Mr. Adams's time. National regulation has taken the place of State regulation of railroads. Other forms of corporate activity have organized into monopolies perhaps more widespread and powerful than any railroad monopoly ever was. The relations of corporations to their employees, and the

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mutual duties of organizations of capital and labor toward the public in making continuous public service possible, have become vastly more complex than they were thirty years ago. But the essential fact still remains that the problem can be settled only by the exercise of common sense and a certain amount of unselfishness. Any law which seeks to render these qualities unnecessary or superfluous is foredoomed to failure. Any citizen who lets these qualities fall into abeyance falls short of a proper conception of public duty. The larger his position of influence in the industrial world, the greater is the responsibility upon him to bring these qualities into use in the conduct of corporate business.

The president of a large corporation is in a place of public trust. In an obvious sense, he is a trustee for the stockholders and creditors of his corporation. In a less obvious, but equally important, sense he is a trustee on behalf of the public.

In regard to the first of these points, the community has made substantial and gratifying progress toward proper moral standards and their enforcement. It will perhaps create surprise that I say this so unreservedly, when we have the results of the insurance scandals freshly in mind. But bad as these things were, they were not nearly so bad as many things that happened a generation earlier; and when the insurance scandals became known they created an outburst of public feeling of a very different kind from anything which would have developed forty years ago. The spontaneous and overwhelming character of this outburst shows a great moral advance. In the year 1870 it was the commonest thing in the world for the president of a large corporation to use his position as a means of enriching himself and his friends at the expense of the stockholders in general; and it might almost be added that it was the rarest thing in the world for anybody to object. The fact that Cornelius Vanderbilt admitted his stockholders to the benefit of profitable "deals," instead of taking the whole for himself and his friends, was a sufficient departure from the usage of the time to excite universal remark. The worst things which were done in our insurance companies represent a pious regard for the law and a scrupulous observance of the principles of morality, as compared with some of the transactions in Erie in the early seventies. Ten years later things had improved. It was no longer considered proper for a

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president to wreck his company in order to enrich himself. Yet even in this decade it was held that minorities of stockholders had no rights which majorities were bound to respect; and while the public did not justify the president in getting rich at the expense of his stockholders, it saw no harm if he used his inside information to get rich at the expense of anybody and everybody else. It is greatly to the credit of some of our best railroad men that in the last decade of the nineteenth century we rose above this state of things. The example of a recent president of the Lake Shore Railroad, who died a relatively poor man when the stock of his corporation stood higher than that of almost any other railroad in the country, is a thing which deserves to be remembered—and which has been.

Banks and railroads were the two lines of business where corporate scandals first developed on a large scale. They are now the two lines of business where standards of corporate honor, beyond what the law could enforce, have become pretty well established. This is no mere coincidence. Corporate powers gave opportunities for abuse which did not exist before. Where these powers were greatest these abuses developed first and made the earliest public scandals. It was here that the business men themselves felt the need of remedies deeper reaching than those which the law could give. Combinations of merchants or manufacturers or of financiers outside the regular lines of banking were a later thing, and therefore we are only at this moment correcting the evils which are incident to their conduct.

It takes a long time for a man to learn to transfer a principle of morality which he fully recognizes in one field to another field of slightly different location and character, particularly if the application of strict morality in the new fields is going to hurt his personal interest. I remember a story of a country court in a warranty case which furnishes an instance in point. One man had sold another a cow, and had represented that cow as possessing certain good qualities—adding, however, that he did not warrant her. The cow proved not to possess the qualities alleged, and the buyer sought to recover the purchase-money. As there was no dispute about the facts, the plaintiff's attorney thought that he had an easy case; for it is a well established principle of law that a disclaimer of warranty in such a sale does not protect the transaction from the taint of fraud if the

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matters in question were ones which the seller really could know and the buyer could not. He showed a sufficient number of legal precedents to illustrate this principle; but was somewhat dumfounded when the opposing lawyer rose and said, "May it please the court, every one of the cases cited by my learned brother is a horse case. I defy him to produce one relating to horned cattle." The court was impressed with this fact, and instructed the jury to the effect that it had been established from time immemorial that a disclaimer of warranty was invalid with regard to a horse, but that the case of a cow was something totally different. We witnessed a somewhat similar condition in recent years, when men who would have recognized that it was wrong to get rich at the expense of a stockholder, who had clear and definite rights to dividends that were earned, were perfectly willing to use all kinds of means to enrich themselves at the expense of the policy-holders, whose rights were vague and indefinite. The lesson of last year was a terrible one; but I believe that it has been thoroughly learned. The business community of to-day recognizes that the president and directors of a corporation have a fiduciary relation both to their stockholders and to their creditors; that any man who disregards this relation is guilty of breach of trust, just as much as he would be if he used his position as guardian of an orphan to enrich himself at the expense of his ward. If any man does not see this, the business community despises his intellect. If he does see this, and acts in disregard of it, the business community despises his character.

Unfortunately, the obligation of the managers of our corporations to the public is not yet as clearly recognized as their obligation to the stockholders. Some of those who are most scrupulous about doing all that they can for the stockholders make this an excuse for doing as little as they can for the public in general; and disclaim indignantly the existence of any wider trust or any outside duty which should interfere with the performance of their primary trust to the last penny. There is many a man who, in the conduct of his own life, and even of his own personal business, is scrupulously regardful of public opinion, but who, as the president of a corporation, disregards that opinion rather ostentatiously. Personally, he is sensitive to public condemnation; but as a trustee he honestly believes that he has no right to indulge any such sensitiveness. He is unselfish in

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the one case, and selfish in the other. I believe that this results from an extremely short-sighted view of the matter; and that the conscientious fulfilment of wider obligations, which he assumes as a matter of course when his own money is at stake, is at once wise policy and sound morality when he is acting as trustee for the money and interests of others.

Even from the narrowest standpoint of pecuniary interest, the duty of the corporate president to the investors demands that he should by his life and his language strive to diminish the danger of legal spoliation which threatens property rights in general and the rights of corporate property in particular. This obligation is partly recognized, and partly not. Our leaders of industry, as a rule, do not spend great sums on ostentatious luxury, and do spend great sums on objects of public benefit. Both of these facts are invaluable conservative forces. On the other hand, too many of them insist publicly on an extreme view of their legal rights and claims, which cannot help irritating their opponents, and which does a great deal more harm to the interests of property than most people think. It was the arrogance of the freight-agents quite as much as the mistakes in their schedule of charges that precipitated the Granger agitation. They defiantly refused to recognize the shipper's point of view. Every such defiance by the head of a large corporation makes more converts to radicalism and socialism than the speaker ever dreams. If a man intends to stand on his legal rights it is generally wise for him to keep as quiet as the circumstances admit. The cases are few and far between where a loud statement in advance that he is going to stand on his legal rights, and that those rights, in his judgment, are consonant with the laws of God, produces anything but an adverse effect on his interests and on the interests of those whom he represents. It is not for the profit of the year's balance-sheet that the corporate president should regard himself as responsible, but for the profit in the long run; and that profit in the long run is identified with the maintenance of a conservative spirit and the avoidance of unnecessary conflicts between those who have and those who have not.

The duty of the corporate president to the investors also demands that he use all wise means for the maintenance of continuous public service. The more complete the monopoly which

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he has, and the more vital the public necessity which he provides, the greater is the importance of this aspect of his trust for the permanence of the interests which he represents. For if the employer is indifferent to the public need in this regard, the employees will be still more indifferent. If he tries to make public necessity a means to reinforce his demands, they will make that public necessity a means to reinforce their demands; and in this contest the employees will have every advantage on their side. Each conflict of this kind will increase the demand for public regulation of corporate affairs, even if the interests of the investors suffer thereby; and it may reach a point where many lines of business will be taken out of the hands of private corporations and into the hands of the government.

In the old days, when the public was served by a number of independent establishments, a strike was a grave matter for the establishment where it existed, and a comparatively small thing for anybody else. The public got its goods from some other quarter. The slight shortage in the supply might raise the prices a little, but it did not produce a famine. The community as a whole could wait complacently for the fight to be settled. If, however, the company has a monopoly, the conditions are reversed. The strike, if protracted, causes great inconvenience and generally considerable suffering to the public, while the effect on the finances of the corporation is often comparatively slight. Indeed, it has become a proverb that strikes are not as a rule good reasons for sale of the securities of the companies affected. I am afraid that this fact makes the presidents of our corporations, especially those who hold a narrow view of their duties, more careless than they otherwise would be about men whom they choose for positions of superintendence, and about the policy which they adopt in early stages of labor disputes. But it is upon care in these particulars, rather than upon any machinery for compulsory arbitration, that we must rely for the prevention of strikes. I suppose that some time we shall devise systems of arbitration which will avoid a large number of our industrial quarrels; but those that I have actually seen in operation do not appear very promising. We are told that compulsory arbitration has been made to work in New Zealand; but some of the official information which we get from New Zealand has been so totally discredited that we must be a little cautious about

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accepting any of the testimony which is transmitted to us. Nor do I believe very greatly in the efficiency of profit-sharing systems as a general means of preventing labor troubles. Sometimes they work well; oftener they do not. Plans for attaching the laborers to the corporate service by pension funds, by the distribution of stock, and other means of this kind, are perhaps rather more promising. Yet even these are limited in the applicability, and sometimes cause more unrest than they prevent.

For the present, it is not to any machinery that we must look for the solution of these difficulties. It is to a wider sense of responsibility on the part of directors and general officers. The man who selects his subordinates solely for their fitness in making the results of the year's accounts look best, and instructs them to work for these results at the sacrifice of all other interests, encourages the employees to work for themselves in defiance of the needs either of the corporation or of the public, and does more than almost any professional agitator to foster the spirit which makes labor organizations unreasonable in their demands, and defiant in their attitude. For the laborers, like some of the rest of us, are a good deal more affected by feeling than by reason; a good deal more influenced by examples than by syllogisms.

When I was connected with the "Railroad Gazette," we had occasion to discuss a strike on the part of one of the best of the labor unions, in which, contrary to the usual practice of that organization, the demands were quite unreasonable. There was something puzzling in the whole situation, which I could not account for. A close observer who, though he was on the side of the corporation, had sense enough to look at the facts dispassionately, said, "Do you know Blank?" naming a man high in the operating department of the road concerned. I said that I did. "Blank," he said, "is an honest man. He is, according to all his lights, an honorable man. And yet if Blank were placed over me I would strike on any pretext, good or bad, just to show how I hated his ways of doing business. This strike is, of course, an unjustifiable one. For the sake of all concerned it should be stopped as soon as possible, and your paper should say so. But when the strike is over, sail into the road with all your might for employing a man like Blank in a position precisely the opposite of anything for which Providence designed him." It soon became evident that this was a true account of the origin of the

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strike. The company saw the situation, and transferred the man, on its own account, to another post for which he was more fitted.

Workmen are accessible to examples of loyalty, as well as examples of selfishness. One of our very large manufacturing concerns in western Pennsylvania a few years ago made a change in its operating head. Not many months after the change I had the opportunity to inquire of a foreman how things were working under the new management. "Sir," was the reply, "there isn't a man in the works but what would go straight through hell with the new boss if he wanted it." I told the "new boss" the story; and all he said was, "I guess they know that I'd do the same for them." That was the voice of a man—an exceptional man; but what he really accomplished represents a kind of result which all of us will do well to keep in view.

In the great railroad strikes of 1877, when the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers—at that time a far less conservatively managed organization than it has since become—intoxicated with its successes in the South, ordered a general tie-up of New England, the men of the New York and New England Railroad met the order with a flat refusal. They had no other reason, and they gave no other reason, than their loyalty to a man who was at that time a superintendent of no particular reputation or influence outside of his own immediate sphere of duty—Charles P. Clark, who afterwards became president of the road. That one man by his personality not only prevented a general strike throughout New England, but by that act restored the balance of industrial force in the United States at a time when it was more seriously threatened than it ever has been, before or since.

A few years later, when a strike on the Union Pacific Railroad was scheduled by the Knights of Labor, the president of that road prevented the strike by the simple expedient of so arranging matters that the responsibility for the interruption of public service would, at each stage of the proceedings, be clearly put upon the labor leaders themselves. If the company had been simply claiming the right to serve itself, they would have claimed an equal right to serve themselves, and might very possibly have had the sympathy of the public behind them. But when matters were so arranged in advance that the responsibility for the interruption rested upon their shoulders alone, even the Knights

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of Labor—and Western Knights of Labor at that—shrank from taking the responsibility of a conflict with the nation. Of course, strikes will continue to occur after all precautions are taken. They may come to the man or the company that least deserves it. But we can impress upon the managers of corporations the duty of showing more solicitude for the protection of the public against the disastrous results of the strike when it does come, and the unwisdom of saying much about the sacredness of the rights of private property under the Constitution at a time when such words can only irritate the employees and alienate the suffering public.

There is, indeed, a sacredness of property right in this country which goes far beyond the letter of the Constitution. The Constitution guarantees that no man shall be deprived of his property without due process of law; that no State shall pass any law impairing the obligation of contract; and that a corporation has the right of a person in the sense of being entitled to fair and equal treatment. The conservatism of the American people goes farther than this. It supports a business man in the exercise of his traditional rights, because it believes, on the basis of the experience of centuries, that the exercise of these rights will conduce to the public interests. It puts the large industries of the country in the hands of corporations, even when this results in creating corporate monopoly, because it distrusts the unrestricted extension of government activity, and believes that business is, on the whole, better handled by commercial agencies than by political ones. But every case of failure to meet public needs somewhat shakes the public in this confidence; and this confidence is not only shaken but destroyed if the manager of a corporation claims immunity from interference as a moral or constitutional right, independent of the public interests involved.

Personally, I am one of those who look with serious distrust on each extension of political activity. I believe that the interstate commerce law did more to prevent wise railroad regulation than any other event in the history of the country. I think that the courts would have dealt with our industrial problems better than they have done if the anti-trust act had never been passed. I have gravely doubted the wisdom of some of the more recent measures passed by the national government. But I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that these things are what business men must

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expect, unless business ethics is somewhat modified to meet existing conditions. Industrial corporations grew up into power because they met the needs of the past. To stay in power, they must meet the needs of the present, and arrange their ethics accordingly. If they can do it by their own voluntary development of the sense of trusteeship, that is the simplest and best solution. But if not, one of two things will happen: vastly increased legal regulation, or State ownership of monopolies. Those who fear the effects of increased government activity must prove by their acceptance of ethical duties to the public that they are not blind devotees of an industrial past which has ceased to exist, but are preparing to accept the heavier burdens and obligations which the industrial present carries with it.

ARTHUR TWINING HADLEY.

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PHILIPPINE INDEPENDENCE—WHEN?

BY JAMES H. BLOUNT, LATE JUDGE OF THE COURT OF FIRST INSTANCE OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

AFTER seven years spent at the "storm-centre" of "Expansion," the first of the seven as a volunteer officer in Cuba, the next two in a like capacity in the Philippines, and the remainder in the last-named country as United States judge, the writer was finally invalided home last spring, sustained in spirit at parting by cordial farewells, oral and written, personal and official. Having now been invited by the Editor of the REVIEW to prepare an article embodying his views as to our Philippine problem, he naturally enters upon a discussion of the subject with some degree of diffidence, because it involves calling in question the wisdom and righteousness of a policy inaugurated and carried out by a small group of distinguished men, under whom he shared in this nation's work beyond seas for a very considerable fraction of the average duration of life. However, he can truly say to all former fellow workers:

"I have eaten your bread and salt,
I have drunk your water and wine,
The deaths ye died I have watched beside
And the lives that ye led were mine.

"Was there aught that I did not share
In vigil or toil or ease,—
One joy or woe that I did not know,
Dear friends across the seas?"

In Charles Dickens's novel "Bleak House," there is a chapter entitled "Telescopic Philanthropy," wherein is introduced the famous Mrs. Jellyby, the mother of a large and interesting family, "a lady of very remarkable strength of character, who

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devotes herself entirely to the public," who "has devoted herself to an extensive variety of public subjects, at various times, and is at present devoted to the subject of Africa, with a general view to the cultivation of the coffee berry—*and* the natives"; to the great prejudice of her domestic concerns, and the neglect of her own children, the latter continually getting into all kinds of mischief while her attention is diverted from home. Seeing that the present Administration proposes to continue its policy of "benevolent assimilation" in the remote Philippines indefinitely, at whatever cost, the analogy between its attitude and Mrs. Jellyby's misplaced philanthropy toward "the people of Borrioboola-Gha, on the left bank of the Niger," is by no means remote.

Mr. Bryan maintains, substantially:*

(1) That the Filipinos want independence.

(2) That, if protected from the great land-acquiring Powers, "so far as their own internal affairs are concerned, they do not need to be subject to any alien government."

(3) That we should at once disclaim any intention of exercising permanent sovereignty over the archipelago, and declare it to be our purpose to remain only long enough to see a stable government started, and then leave them to work out their own destiny.

Mr. Taft would probably have taken issue with Mr. Bryan on the first proposition up to the time he visited the islands in the summer of 1905, accompanied by a party of Senators and Congressmen. He will hardly do so now.

Senator Dubois, of Idaho, who was a member of the Congressional party referred to, has since said in the New York "Independent":

"All the Filipinos, with the exception of those who were holding positions under and drawing salaries from our Government, favor a government of their own. There is scarcely an exception among them. . . . There is nobody in the islands, no organization of any kind or description, which favors the policy of our Government toward them."

Senator Newlands, of Nevada, also a member of the Congressional party aforesaid, has declared, in the number of this REVIEW for December, 1905, that practically the whole people desire independence. Congressman Parsons, also a member of

* See his newspaper, the "Commoner," of April 27th and May 4th, 1906.

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the same party, has since said: "There is no question that all the Filipino parties are now in favor of independence."

Captain J. A. Moss, of the Twenty-fourth Infantry, a member of General Corbin's staff, is quoted by Mr. Bryan, in the "Commoner" of April 27th, 1906, as saying, in an article published in a Manila paper while Mr. Bryan was in the islands, with reference to the wishes of "the great majority" of the Filipinos, that "to please them, we cannot get out of the islands too soon."

Mr. Bryan's second proposition, with which Mr. Taft takes issue, is that "so far as their own internal affairs are concerned, they do not need to be subject to any alien government," provided, of course, they are protected from the danger of annexation by some one of the great nations. If this proposition be sound, subject to the proviso, the proviso can easily be met. The foremost citizen of the world to-day, the man who brought the Japanese-Russian war to a conclusion and thereby won the high regard of all mankind, can, and if so requested by the Congress probably will, within a comparatively short period, negotiate a treaty with the great nations, securing the neutralization of the islands, and the recognition of their independence whenever the same shall be granted to them by the United States. If the Powers should thus agree to consider the Philippines neutral territory forever, Mr. Roosevelt would have done for them exactly what has already been done for Belgium and Switzerland by treaty between the great Powers of Europe. When the resolution of Congressman McCall, of Massachusetts, proposing this, was under consideration before the House Committee on Philippine Affairs on April 7th, 1906, it met with a very considerable degree of sympathy, as is manifest from the official report of the hearing, the main objection apparently being that, because there are a number of different dialects, the Filipinos are a heterogenous lot, and there is no spirit of Philippine nationality. Governor Taft said to the Senate Committee in February, 1902:

> "While it is true that there are a number of Christian tribes, so called, that speak different languages, there is a homogeneity in the people in appearance, in habits, and in many avenues of thought. To begin with, *they are all Catholics.*"

The Philippine Census, published by the War Department in March, 1905, says (Vol. I, p. 447):

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"A town in the Cagayan valley presents the same style of architecture, the same surrounding *barrios*,* has the same kind of stores and similarly dressed people, as a Christian municipality of the island of Mindanao."

And says the same Government publication (Vol. II, p. 9), in drawing a comparison between itself and the schedules of the twelfth census of the United States:

"Those of the Philippine Census are somewhat simpler, the differences being due mainly to *the more homogeneous character of the population of the Philippine Islands!*"

The existence of a general and conscious aspiration for a national life of their own, the *Real Presence* of a universal longing to be allowed to pursue happiness in their own way *and not in somebody else's way,* is, to the best of such knowledge and belief as the writer obtained after two years' service in the army that subjugated them, and four years in the Insular Judiciary, one of the most obvious and pathetic facts in the whole situation. During the organized fighting, no American ever discovered that the enemy was crippled, or his effectiveness diminished, by the lack of a common language. And as for the National Spirit, those people have been welded into absolute unity by the events of the last eight years. Rizal was shot for writing a political novel in which the Spaniards thought there was too much recognition of the "Nationalist" idea. And if we should get into a war with a first-class Power, and Aguinaldo, or Juan Cailles, the man who crumpled the gallant Fifteenth Infantry in 1901, should raise the standard of revolt, let the impartial reader ask any American now in the Philippines, or any American who has spent much time there, how many natives between Aparri and Cagayan de Misamis would fail to understand and rally to the cry *"Viva La Republica Filipina!"* Let us hope that if the McCall resolution ever comes up again, the Committee will have become satisfied, beyond the peradventure of a doubt, that there does, in fact, exist among all the people of the Philippine Islands *a consciousness of racial unity,* which draws them together as against all outsiders, *and is not marred by any race problem such as exists in Cuba.*

The independence of the Philippines should come about within a few years—that is, as soon as practicable—because it is best

* Suburban settlements or rural hamlets.

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for both countries. We are governing them against their consent and at an enormous cost to both peoples. If the *untold* millions we have spent on "benevolent assimilation" since February 4, 1899, had been spent on Rivers and Harbors and Canals, and the improvement of our interior water transportation generally, the railroad-rate question would have solved itself without the need of a rate bill. And this is not the only one of Mrs. Jellyby's neglected children, not the only domestic problem which presents a subject for strenuous altruism sufficient to occupy all the patriotism and statesmanship of this great country with its eighty millions of people. If all the splendid ability and grim fortitude that have been concentrated during the last few years upon "telescopic philanthropy" in the Philippines had been steadily focussed upon the economic and social problems which are clamoring ever more loudly and ominously for solution at home, Hearst and Hearstism would never have arisen to voice a profound and widespread discontent having in it an element of righteousness.

But, returning to the core of Mr. Bryan's second proposition, namely, that "so far as their own internal affairs are concerned, they do not need to be subject to any alien government," he further says:*

> "There is a wide difference, it is true, between the general intelligence of the educated Filipino and the laborer on the street and in the field, but this is not a barrier to self-government. Intelligence controls in every government, except where it is suppressed by military force. . . . 'Nine-tenths of the Japanese have no part in the lawmaking.' In Mexico, the gap between the educated classes and the peons is fully as great as, if not greater than, the gap between the extremes of Filipino society. Those who question the capacity of the Filipinos for self-government . . . forget that . . . patriotism raises up persons fitted for the work that needs to be done."

And here is the testimony of one of the most distinguished Congressmen who have visited the islands:

> "I have little or no doubt that there are a sufficient number of wise and intelligent Filipinos to establish and maintain a government in the Philippines, that will compare in liberality and effectiveness with a very great many of the governments that have been in successful operation for a century or more."

Edmund Burke once said, in a speech for which Americans

* "Commoner," April 27th, 1906.

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have long delighted to honor his memory: "The general character and situation of a people must determine what sort of government is fitted for them. That, nothing else can or ought to determine."

The Congressman last above quoted talks of twenty years as a safe period of tutelage, Senators Newlands and Dubois of thirty years, Mr. Bryan of five, or ten, or fifteen. But the gentleman last named insisted at the Convention of 1904, and still insists, that we should make them a definite promise of independence *now,* the same to be executed as soon as practicable.

To this, the proposition of the Democracy, Mr. Taft's answer is:

> "The gentlemen that are looking for office under an independent government, have very little concern about independence that is to come after they are dead; and if you permit their independence, and make it a definite promise, you will have a continued agitation there as to *when* they ought to have independence."*

The imputation of selfishness put by this statement upon all Filipinos who desire independence is uncalled for. "The gentlemen that are looking for office under an independent government" could undoubtedly get office under the present government *if they would only stop wanting independence.* And "if you permit their independence, and make it a definite promise," you will have no agitation to hasten the day, *provided the promise itself fix the day.* During nearly four years of service on the bench in the Philippines, the writer heard as much genuine, impassioned and effective eloquence from Filipino lawyers, saw exhibited in the trial of causes as much industrious preparation, and zealous, loyal advocacy of the rights of clients, as any ordinary *nisi prius* judge at home is likely to meet with in the same length of time. Some of these lawyers are ex-officers of the insurgent army. Each of them has his clients, and is the centre of a circle of influence. All of them, without exception, want independence. Of course the law of self-preservation precludes them from proclaiming this from the house-tops, especially if they are holding office under the Government. But in their heart of hearts, the dearest hope that each of them cherishes is that he may live to see the Star of the Philippine Republic

* Speech at Cincinnati, February 22nd, 1904.

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risen in the Far East. Let a date be fixed by the United States Congress for turning over the government of the Archipelago to its people, a date which will afford to the great majority of the present generation a reasonable expectation of living to see the independence of their country, and all political unrest, including most of the brigandage in the islands, will at once cease. The news will spread "like wildfire," to borrow a famous phrase of our sunshiny Secretary of War. We shall have exchanged a balking horse for a willing one. The sullen submission of a conquered people will give place to genuine and universal gratitude toward America. The unborn National Life will leap for joy in the Womb of Time. *Te Deums* will be celebrated in every church of every town in the Archipelago from Aparri to Zamboanga. Aglipay himself may even say: "Now, Lord, let my schism depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

The great ocean steamship companies of the world publish the sailing-dates of their vessels a year ahead. Everything else hinges upon this point of departure. All preparations, whether by crew, shippers or prospective passengers, are shaped to that end. Why cannot the same be done in the matter of the launching of a Ship of State? If three strong and able men, familiar with insular conditions, and still young enough to undertake the task—say, for instance, General Leonard Wood, of the Army; Judge Adam C. Carson, of the Philippine Supreme Court; and W. Morgan Shuster, Collector of Customs of the Archipelago; or three other men of like calibre—were told by a President of the United States, by authority of the Congress: "Go out there and set up a respectable native government in ten years, and then come away," they could and would do it, and that government would be a success; and one of the greatest moral victories in the annals of free government would have been written by the gentlemen concerned upon the pages of their country's history.

To understand the causes of the present discontent, and how incurable it is except by a promise of independence at a fixed date, let me review this tragedy of errors which we have written in blood and selfish legislation in that unhappy land, as rapidly as may be consistent with clearness and commensurate with the ability of an inconsiderable person,—an individual whose only claim to be heard upon a great question like this must rest upon the circumstance that he was an eye-witness to the tragedy.

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When trouble began to brew in the Philippines after the signing of the treaty of Paris, the Schurman Commission, it will be remembered, was sent out, bringing the olive branch. It accomplished nothing. It was too late. War ensued. When the writer reached Manila early in November, 1899, he was detailed to the command of a company of Maccabebe scouts, to develop fire for General Lawton's Division, their commanding officer, Lieutenant Boutelle, of the Artillery, having been killed the day before. On the way to join them, he met General Lawton's Adjutant-General at a place called San Isidro. The Colonel said: "We took this town last spring, after a pretty stiff fight. Then, as a result of the negotiations of the Schurman Commission, General Otis had us evacuate this place and fall back. We have just had to take it again." The Schurman Commission hoped that the Filipinos could be persuaded to give up their idea of independence. The Army knew better.

In the first half of 1899, General Otis inexcusably postponed recommending to President McKinley the call for Federal Volunteers. He did not really understand the seriousness of the situation. He conducted the campaign all the time he was there from a desk in Manila, and never once took the field.

The Volunteer Army of 1899 was to last, under the act of Congress, for two years only—that is, until the close of the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1901. The insurrection had to be over at that time, whether or no. To use an expression of the theatrical managers, that date was to be "positively its last appearance." The Volunteers began their work in the fall of 1899, twenty-five regiments of them, and, shoulder to shoulder with the Regulars, pegged away cheerfully at the war, doing their country's work; and they had been vigorously convincing the Filipinos of the benevolence of our intentions for about nine months, when the idea of a second Philippine Commission, a second olive branch, was conceived at Washington. The Presidential election was to occur in the following November, and men high in the councils of the Republican party at home believed that the success of the party would be seriously imperilled if the situation did not soon clear up, or at least improve, in the Philippines. The public press of that period contains interviews with such men, of the tenor indicated. In this state of the case, the Taft Commission was sent out. Things looked dismal. Philippine

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stock was going down. Optimism was devoutly to be wished. Judge Taft did not disappoint his friends at home. He was not then a judge. He was a partisan of the Republican party, an advocate. And, like many another able advocate, he persuaded himself that the witnesses whose testimony militated against his client's interest were, if not mendacious, at least blinded with prejudice. He accepted the views of natives not in arms, as against that of the army.

In June, 1900, when the Taft Commission arrived, the military authorities had not forgotten the Schurman Commission, and the folly of its efforts to mix peace with war; and they did not look forward with enthusiasm to the coming of the new outfit. These latter brought with them, like the Schurman Commission, the theory that kindness would win the people over; and they at once proceeded to act conformably to that amiable delusion. Of course it was not long before they found abundant evidence to support their preconceived theory. Accordingly, on November 30th, 1900, they made their first report to the Secretary of War, in which, among other things, they announced this tragically optimistic conclusion:

"A great majority of the people long for peace, and are entirely willing to accept the establishment of a government under the supremacy of the United States."

The army entertained a diametrically opposite opinion. The military view of the situation about the same time was thus satirically expressed in General MacArthur's Annual Report to the Secretary of War:

". . . The people seem to be actuated by the idea that in all doubtful matters of politics or war, men are never nearer right than when going with their own kith and kin. . . ."

Allusion is then made to the "almost complete unity of action of the entire native population. That such unity is a fact is too obvious to admit of discussion." Then follows this humorous thrust: ". . . The adhesive principle comes from *ethnological homogeneity,* which induces men to respond for a time to the appeals of *consanguineous leadership.*"

If the Volunteers whose term of enlistment was scheduled to expire with the fiscal year, June 30th, 1901, should have to be replaced by anything like an equal number of other troops, a

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call for further appropriations to conduct a long-drawn-out and unpopular war, would surely try the patience of the American people, and endanger the ultimate fortunes of the Republican party. Everything had to be shaped to avoid such a catastrophe. Whether the country should be ready for civil government on that date or not, *it had to be.* When Joel Chandler Harris's creation, "Uncle Remus," tells his little friend the story of Brer Rabbit's climbing the tree to elude the dogs, and the lad interrupts: "But, Uncle Remus, a rabbit can't climb a tree," the resourceful narrator very promptly replies: "Oh, but, honey, *dis* rabbit des *'bleeged* ter climb *dis* tree." The Administration was *'bleeged* to climb the tree of Civil Government. Civil Government was therefore duly inaugurated on July 4th, 1901.

Within less than six months thereafter, the flames of insurrection broke out anew in Batangas and the adjacent provinces, and it became necessary to give the military a free hand. General J. Franklin Bell accordingly invaded Batangas and the region round about, with an ample force, a brigade, and proceeded to wage *war*—the sort of war General Sherman described, only more so; for General Sherman did not practise reconcentration. General Bell went there to make those people "long for peace." And he did make them "long for peace," or, to use his own language, "want peace and want it badly." General Bell is not to be blamed for this. He is a brave and skilful soldier, one of the best in our own or any other army. He was simply doing his duty, obedient to orders. This Batangas insurrection of 1901-2 would never have occurred had not Governor Taft persisted in believing that the Filipinos could be genuinely satisfied with something less than independence. This error led him to reduce, most imprudently, the army of occupation and the number of army posts, against military advice, thereby giving the insurrection a chance to get its second wind. If the army of occupation had not been so reduced, reconcentration would never have been necessary, in Batangas or elsewhere. Reconcentration tactics are born of numerical weakness. If you have troops enough thoroughly to police a given territory, no need for reconcentration will arise there. Reconcentration is an admission that you are not able constantly to provide protection for all the people. As a corollary of the fundamental mistake indicated, a constabulary force was organized, which, it was believed, could control

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the situation. That it has never been able to do so is a matter of record in the official publications both of the Manila and of the Washington Government. The fact is solemnly admitted in the recitals of a law now on the statute-books of the Philippine Islands. Section 6 of Act numbered 781 of the Philippine Commission, approved June 1st, 1903, providing for reconcentration, begins thus:

"In provinces which *are infested to such an extent with ladrones or outlaws that the lives and property of residents in the outlying barrios are rendered wholly insecure by continued predatory raids,* and such outlying barrios thus furnish to the ladrones or outlaws their sources of food-supply, *and it is not possible, with the available police forces constantly to provide protection,* etc."

Such are the conditions which to-day warrant reconcentration in the Philippines—whenever "it is not possible with the available police forces" to protect the peaceably inclined people. It will thus be seen that we are now doing in the Philippines the very thing for which we drove Weyler and his Spaniards from the Western Hemisphere. Reconcentration under the military authorities is bad enough, even with the superb equipment of the commissary and quartermaster departments of the army. But reconcentration conducted by inexperienced civilians and unfriendly constabulary is simply unsportsmanlike.

Caring for the peaceably inclined people, or *pacificos,* as they were called in Cuba,—those who upon being told to do so voluntarily come within the zone or radius prescribed in the order for reconcentration—is not the only problem which can be competently handled by the military alone. There are the prisoners brought in by the policing force, from time to time, because found outside the prescribed radius, and put in the provincial jail. An ordinary jail, with 400 to 800 people crowded into it within a short period of time, cannot be properly handled by inexperienced hands. The sanitary conditions are sure to become bad and foul, and more or less disease and death is certain to ensue.

In the latter part of 1903, about the middle of November, the writer was sent to hold court in the province of Albay, where quite a formidable insurrection had been in progress for about a year, *without suspension of civil government.* There had been as many as 1,500 men in the field on each side, at times. Reconcentration under the law quoted had been resorted to. There

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had been as many as 700 or 800 prisoners in the provincial jail at one time, so he was told. Toward the close of the term, just after Christmas, when most of the docket had been disposed of, and there was time for matters more or less perfunctory in their nature, the prosecuting attorney brought in rough drafts of two proposed orders for the court to sign. One was headed with a list of fifty-seven names, the other with a list of sixty-three names. Both orders recited that the foregoing persons had died in the jail —all but one between May 20th and December 3rd, 1903 (roughly six and one-half months), as will appear from an examination of the dates of death—and concluded by directing that the indictments against them be quashed. The writer was only holding an extraordinary term of court there, and was about to leave the province. The regular judge of the district was scheduled soon to arrive. He did not sign the proposed orders, therefore, but kept them as legal curios. A correct translation of one of them appears below, followed by the list of names which headed the other (identical) order.*

If the military authorities had had charge of those prisoners, it

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* THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
EIGHTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT
IN THE COURT OF FIRST INSTANCE OF ALBAY.

THE UNITED STATES
against

	Died.			Died.	
Cornelio Rigorosa	Dec. 3,	1903	Eusebio Payadan	Aug. 10,	1903
Fabian Basques	Sept. 25,	"	Leonardo Rebusi	Nov. 2,	"
Julian Nacion	Oct. 14,	"	Julian Riobaldis	Oct. 2,	"
Francisco Rigorosa	Oct. 18,	"	Victor Riobaldis	Oct. 23,	"
Anacleto Solano	Nov. 25,	"	Mauricio Balbin	Sept. 27,	"
Valentin Cesillano	Nov. 6,	"	Tomas Regidor	July 23,	"
Felix Sasutona	Sept. 26,	"	Miguel de los Santos	July 28,	"
Marcelo de los Santos	June 3,	"	Eustaquio Mapula	Nov. 18,	"
Marcelo Patingo	Nov. 15,	"	Eugenio Lomibao	Nov. 1,	"
Juan Raynante	Sept. 7,	"	Francisco Luna	Aug. 7,	"
Dionisio Cariñaga	Oct. 4,	"	Gregorio Sierte	Oct. 31,	"
Felipe Navor	Sept. 17,	"	Teodoro Patingo	Nov. 21,	"
Luis Nicol	Nov. 23,	"	Teodorico Tua	Sept. 23,	"
Balbino Nicol	Sept. 23,	"	Ceferino Octia	Nov. 10,	"
Damiano Nicol	Nov. 23,	"	Graciona Pamplona	Sept. 12,	"
Leoncio Sabalburo	Nov. 20,	"	Felipe Bonifacio	Nov. 26,	"
Catalino Sideria	July 25,	"	Baltazar Bundi	Oct. 12,	"
Marcelo Ariola	Oct. 26,	"	Julian Locot	Oct. 13,	"
Francisco Cao	Nov. 26,	"	Francisco de la Punta	Aug. 20,	"
Martin Olaguer	Nov. 13,	"	Pedro Madrid	Aug. 24,	"
Juan Neric	Nov. 16,	"	Felipe Pusiquit	July 17,	"
Eufemio Bere	Nov. 21,	"	Rufo Mansalan	July 14,	"
Julian Sotero	Oct. 30,	"	Ignacio Titano	June 20,	"
Juan Payadan	Sept. 20,	"	Alfonso Locot	June 29,	"
Benedicto Milla	July 30,	"	Gil Locot	May 23,	"
Placido Porlage	June 13,	"	Regino Bitarra	Sept. 7,	"
Gaudencio Oguita	Oct. 11,	"	Bonifacio Bo	Aug. 2,	"
Alberto Cabrera	Sept. 8,	"	Francisco de Belen	Sept. 29,	"
Julian Payadan	Aug. 4,	"			

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is safe to say that the mortality among them would have been far less, that possibly half, or even three-fourths, of those who died, would have lived. Political necessity, inherent in our form of government, kept the army from acting then, and keeps it from talking now.

When the civil government was set up in July, 1901, the army took a back seat, and looked on with more or less impatience, ready to say, "I told you so"—eager, of course, to get a chance to fight again. Gentlemen of the military profession have a predilection that way. The writer was, of course, entirely in sympathy with the civil authorities, having been promoted from the army to the judiciary, and rather enjoyed seeing the army behave with becoming subordination, according to orders, even if

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DECREE.

The defendants above named, charged with divers crimes, having died in the Provincial Jail by reason of various ailments, upon various dates, according to official report of the jailer, it is

ORDERED by this court that the cases pending against the said deceased persons be and the same are hereby quashed, the costs to be charged against the government.

Albay, December 28, 1903.

.....

Judge of the 12th District
Acting in the 8th.

The foregoing order contains fifty-seven names. As indicated in the text, the second order was like the first. It contained the names of sixty-three other deceased prisoners, as follows, to wit:

	Died.			Died.	
Anacleto Avila	Sept. 2,	1903	Albino Oyardo	Oct. 1,	1903
Gregorio Saquedo	July 21,	"	Felipe Rotarla	Sept. 29,	"
Francisco Almonte	Oct. 11,	"	Urbano Saralde	Oct. 5,	"
Faustino Sallao	Oct. 9,	"	Gil Mediavillo	June 13,	"
Leocadio Peña	Oct. 16,	"	Egidio Mediavillo	June 16,	"
Juan Ranuco	Oct. 16,	"	Mauricio Losano	Oct. 5,	"
Esteban de Lima	Feb. 4,	"	Bernabe Carenan	Sept. 27,	"
Estanislao Jacoba	Oct. 7,	"	Pedro Sagaysay	Sept. 29,	"
Macario Ordiales	Oct. 19,	"	Laureano Ibo	Aug. 5,	"
Laureano Ordeales	Oct. 27,	"	Vicente Sanosing	July 17,	"
Reimundo Narito	Oct. 4,	"	Francisco Morante	June 10,	"
Antonio Polvorido	Sept. 12,	"	Anatolio Sadullo	Sept. 16,	"
Norverto Meigar	June 14,	"	Lucio Rebeza	Aug. 27,	"
Bartolome Rico	Nov. 8,	"	Eugenio Sanbuena	Aug. 13,	"
Simon Ordiales	Sept. 13,	"	Nicolas Oberos	Aug. 26,	"
Candido Rosari	Sept. 29,	"	Eusebio Rambillo	Sept. 13,	"
Saturnino Vuelvo	Oct. 18,	"	Tomas Rempillo	Aug. 19,	"
Vicente Belsaida	May 26,	"	Daniel Patasin	Aug. 19,	"
Felix Canaria	June 12,	"	Ignacio Bundi	Sept. 7,	"
Pedro Cuya	July 26,	"	Juan Locot	May 23,	"
Evaristo Dias	July 24,	"	Zacarias David Padilla	Aug. 7,	"
Felix Padre	July 8,	"	Juan Almazar	Sept. 12,	"
Alberto Mantes	Aug. 7,	"	Rufino Quipi	June 13,	"
Joaquin Maamot	Sept. 5,	"	Antonio Brio	June 13,	"
Santiago Cacero	May 28,	"	Timoteo Enciso	Sept. 12,	"
Hilario Zalazar	July 26,	"	Hilario Palaad	Aug. 28,	"
Tomas Odsinada	Oct. 1,	"	Ventura Prades	May 24,	"
Julian Oco	Oct. 4,	"	Alejandro Alevanto	May 22,	"
Julian Lontac	Aug. 27,	"	Rufino Pelicia	May 20,	"
Ambrosio Rabosa	Sept. 19,	"	Alejo Bruqueza	July 19,	"
Mariano Garcia	Sept. 12,	"	Prudencio Estrada	Sept. 15,	"
Ramon Madrigalejo	Aug. 19,	"			

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it did not like to do so. It is human nature to enjoy the possession of power. Nor did he ever give much thought one way or the other to the question of the original wisdom of setting up the civil government against military advice, until he became aware of the death of these 120 prisoners in the Albay jail. This gave him pause. It was impossible to escape the reflection that just about that number had died in the Black Hole of Calcutta. After that, however, he labored all the harder to uphold the civil government by speedy trials of persons incarcerated, with a view to minimizing the necessity for the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus;* and, finally, early in November, 1904, in the province of Samar, broke completely down in health from trying to dispose properly of overcrowded jails, before the people awaiting trial died. The province of Samar was at that time being overrun by several thousand brigands,* and in less than one hundred days more than 50,000 people had been made homeless by their depredations, according to the sworn testimony of a constabulary officer of the province, who appeared as a witness before the court presided over by the author of this paper.† Why was not the situation turned over to the military authorities? It was, later. But is an ambitious Chief of Constabulary of a civil government going to admit, on the eve of a Presidential election in the United States, that the public disorder in the Philippines is too great for him and his corps—the right arm of the civil government—to handle?

When the constabulary cannot protect the peaceably inclined coast people, these latter are compelled, even if they are not already in active sympathy with their hardier brethren of the highlands, to get up a *modus vivendi,* whereby they become, *ipso facto,* accessories to the crime of "Brigandage,"—technically, at least. The writer did not meet this ugly proposition in concrete form, in the case of any specific defendant. But it would have come, sooner or later, had he remained in Samar. He left that ill-fated island, November 8th, 1904, determined, if he could get well, to ask to be stationed in Manila. For, as Edmund Burke said in his speech on "Conciliation with America," "I do not know the method of drawing an indictment against a whole people."

* Representing primarily the embers of the late war, fanned into flame by the exactions of the tax-gatherer and the usurer.

† This witness did not attempt to estimate the number that had been killed, wounded or kidnapped.

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Looked at from the Oriental end of the line, the governing of the Philippines by their supposed friends from the antipodes has been not unlike a game of battledore and shuttlecock between rival political creeds at home, in which the unfortunate inhabitants have been the shuttlecock.

Space does not remain sufficient to do more than briefly suggest how true this is, also, of the Washington end of the line.

For the benefit of American cotton manufacturers, cheap English textiles, previously worn by and satisfactory to millions of poor natives, have been shut out of the Philippines by a practically prohibitive import duty, a surtax of 100 per cent., imposed by the United States Congress (Act of February 25th, 1906.)*

For the benefit of American shipping interests, the Philippines have been treated by our maritime legislation as part of the United States, by extension of the coastwise shipping laws to the Archipelago.

For the benefit of American sugar and tobacco interests, the Philippines have been treated by our tariff legislation as foreign territory. Those interests defeated the effort to give to the islands the benefit of a reduction of the duty on Philippine products to twenty-five per cent. of the Dingley Tariff, their representative insisting before the Committee on Ways and Means, almost in the language of Mrs. Jellyby's critics, "I believe our own children have more claim upon us." The leading Filipinos perceive, as clearly as we Americans do, that in the nature of things this sort of argument will always be an obstacle in the path of their progress, so long as human nature retains a modicum of selfishness.

The instinct of self-preservation of our own sugar and tobacco producers would surely be satisfied with and lend their support to a free-trade—or at least a lower tariff—measure between this country and the Philippines, if the same were coupled with a promise of independence within a decade. This seems to be the only solution that is at once righteous and practicable. It is the only lever that will lift the Philippine Ship of State upon the ways, and launch her successfully upon the voyage of national life.

JAMES H. BLOUNT.

* An eloquent and indignant protest against this by Rev. Charles H. Brent, Episcopal Bishop of the Philippines, appeared in "The Outlook" for July 19th, 1906.

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THE "THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS" AND THE "MORTE D'ARTHURE."

BY THE RIGHT REV. CAMERON MANN, BISHOP OF NORTH DAKOTA.

THE fifteenth century saw the final redaction of two great cycles of romance—one in the East, the other in the West—one by an Arabian, the other by an Englishman—the "Thousand and One Nights" and the "Morte d'Arthure." In each of these we have finally gathered up, and placed in sequence and connection, a multitude of stories which had been floating down the ages; getting alterations, additions, and colorings as they came along. The experts in folk-lore can trace most of the Arabian tales to Persian and Indian sources; and more than mere germs of the Arthurian legends were current in Brittany and Wales centuries before Sir Thomas Malory published his fascinating book. Both these literary edifices, as we now behold them, bear evident marks of a single mind, of an editor who may fairly be styled an author. Who was the Oriental that put the "Nights" into their present state nobody knows. But to the Englishman, Walter Map, we ascribe with reasonable confidence the main construction of the homogeneous story of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, while to Malory, of course, belongs its final shaping and polishing.

Nevertheless, both the "Arabian Nights" and the "Morte d'Arthure" are, in the deepest sense, the productions of a long period and a myriad people, not of an individual. They exhibit the habits, beliefs and desires of a society, rather than of some single man. Masson speaks of the contents of Malory's book as "a rolling body of British-Norman legend, a representative bequest into the British air and the air overhanging the English Channel, from the collective brain and imagination that had tenanted that region through a definite range of vanished centuries." So,

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too, the "Arabian Nights" are the condensation of a pervading atmosphere, the crystallizing of popular notions and ideas.

It is this fact which gives each of these books so great importance in history and sociology and religion. Here is not the solitary conviction or aspiration of a lonely genius—who might be quite at outs with his generation—but the very thinking of the crowd. The life pictured in these stories is, on the whole, life as men then wanted it to be, and thought it might be, or at least had been in some more fortunate days. Here is life in the light of the accepted creeds and ethics of the community, in the light of the current religion with its blessings and its bans. Here is life as imagined, not by the occasional hero, or scholar, or saint, but by the rank and file. Here, to put it briefly, is the concrete illustration of what the Koran did for the civilization of one world and the New Testament for that of another.

A comparison of the two is immensely interesting. For each book is, as just intimated, pervaded by a religion and absolutely loyal to a faith. The Mahometans of the one and the Christians of the other have no misgivings as to their doctrine, no hesitancy in their worship, and no tolerance for heretics and doubters. They confess, they pray, they conform to ritual; and, when they transgress their code, they do so wittingly, aware that they sin, and sure that they shall be duly punished therefor.

To repeat: these two books stand for the ideals of their respective communities; for what the disciples of Jesus and the disciples of Mahomet felt and wished, long after the founders of their religion had passed away. In the "Arabian Nights" is a late Mahometan portraiture of life, not the mere rules of the Koran. In the "Morte d'Arthure" is a late Christian portraiture of life, not the mere precepts of the Sermon on the Mount. A comparison of the two is strictly fair. It is not setting an obscure book against a famous one, a dull book against a brilliant one. It is putting in contrast the folk-lore, the imaginings, the dreams, the desires of two epochs, as given in the distinctive, composite, dominant literature of each.

Magnificent, indeed, are the Thousand and One Nights! They flash with gold and diamonds; they resound with lutes and songs; they exhale cinnamon and attar-of-roses. The streets are crowded by picturesque figures with flowing robes and jewelled scimitars; beauteous faces lean from latticed windows; sly beg-

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gars ply their amusing trade; opulent merchants recline amid their costly bales; steel clashes on steel; mystic bouquets of flowers convey amorous messages; long caravans advance laden with ivory and silk and spices and precious stones; and stately monarchs gaze down upon it all from their gorgeous thrones.

Here is the awful silence glaring from the desert strewn with bones; there the palm-trees overshadow the cool springs of the oasis; on beyond rise the glittering minarets of the city, with its winding streets, its thronged bazars and its houses, whose stern walls protect and hide delicious gardens. We meet sorcerers and jinns and ogres and monsters of every conceivable kind. For this bright, changeful life goes on in a region of magic, now kindly and now malefic. We ride, we sail, we traffic, we fight, we feast, we make love, we shout and sing. And, as a sort of unifying thread for the various tales of adventure and delight, there towers up the majestic figure of the Caliph Haroun Al Raschid, who wanders through and surveys the scene,

> "His deep eye laughter-stirred
> With merriment of kingly pride,
> Sole star of all that place and time."

No wonder that children revel in these tales; that, amid the splendors and enchantments, they roam intent on the wealth of incident and furnishing, and never detect the underlying squalor and baseness.

But when we come to a scientific consideration of the quality, animus and direction of the characters in this glowing masquerade, it is quite another matter; the spectacle is sickening.

For, first, the "Nights" are thoroughly, unblushingly, callously sensual. As scholars know, it is impossible to translate them accurately in any edition meant for general reading. Their details would insure the prompt suppression of the publication and the prosecution of the publisher. Of course, one cannot give examples. Still, even in the expurgated copies of common handling the taint is detectable. But what Dean Church says of himself applies presumably to all children: "I am sure that I used as a boy read the old "Arabian Nights" without a suspicion of what is only too obvious to grown people, simply carried away by the excitement and wonder of the story." However, when we are estimating the civilization which made and liked a book, that

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book must be contemplated as it was originally written and read, with all the filth clinging to its contents.

And, second, another thing which the children do not observe is the utter sordidness of these tales. Robert Louis Stevenson justly animadverts on "the rascality and cruelty of all the characters"; and the exceptions to his indictment are so scanty that it may stand in its wholesale denunciation. The lovers care simply for physical beauty. Everybody deems a full purse the insurer of felicity. Nobody makes a self-sacrifice for anybody else, except Azizah for her cousin Aziz; and that choice young scoundrel treats her with the vilest ingratitude. To hold steadfastly to the formulas given by the Prophet, to make the prescribed prayers and alms and lustrations, this is the sole conception of duty; and this mainly, if not only, because otherwise one will go to a very unpleasant material hell.

There is affection displayed by parents toward their children; but it is fitful, capricious, liable to gusts of unjust rage and even to lasting alienation. The boy or girl is prized chiefly as a reproduction and prolongation of self.

There are no magnificent aspirations, no heroic resolves. The men sometimes fight, but not as striving for a great cause; and they are never ready to die. Their sole aim is to have abundance of luscious food, gorgeous dress, flashing ornaments, obedient slaves and beautiful women, and to listen to gay music and wanton verses. "And so they abode enjoying the most comfortable life until they were visited by the terminator of delights and the separator of comrades, the destroyer of palaces and the replenisher of graves"—this is the orthodox formula for winding up a tale.

Then, third, is the brutality of the book. Men beat and kick unoffending women, and tell of it without shame. They lose faithful wives; and, after the first decorum of grief, they do not care. Take Sinbad the Sailor, as he would console his widowed neighbor, whose lamentations much surprise him: "Mourn not for thy wife; God will haply compensate thee by giving thee one better than she." And then Sinbad's horrified appreciation when he learns that the law of the land obliges the husband to be buried with his wife the day after her death, and his prompt solicitude as to the health of his own spouse! Take his murders in the burial cavern, and his robbery of corpses. He relates it all

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himself without a qualm, or a suspicion that anybody who hears will feel one, as, indeed, nobody does.

The women are rather better than the men. In some instances, they show a real devotion which the sneaking objects of it do not deserve.

But, all in all, the "Arabian Nights" unroll a panorama of hateful and contemptible human beings. The jinns and afrites and so on—all doomed to damnation—are really finer than the men and women.

The charm of the book, for a mighty charm it has, lies—aside from its many humorous passages—in what takes hold of the children. It is the charm of cities of brass and castles of copper, of flying horses and gigantic birds, of valleys of diamonds, of gardens of gemmy roses, of fish who are men and horses who are women, of princes frozen into stone and princesses lying in enchanted sleep, of magic powders which create running brooks and columns of vapor which condense into dreadful demons.

Turn now to the "Morte d'Arthure." What a change!

Here are splendid groups, where "all the brothers are brave and all the sisters virtuous." Here is chivalric daring. Here is the steadfast seeking of a worthy quest. Here are souls which the bodies serve. Here is toil for toil's sake, and battle for battle's sake—or, rather, both for the sake of some unselfish yet all-repaying end. Here are stanch friendship and questionless loyalty and sacred love.

We ride through the lustrous woods with Sir Percivale, we greet the gaunt hermit at the wayside shrine with Sir Gawaine, we blow our defiant blasts with King Arthur before the towering walls of fortresses where abide the orgulous ruffians and robbers. We hear the trumpets sound at the lists, and we charge in pure joyance and strenuous combat, yet in full courtesy toward our equally courteous foe. We sit in goodly fellowship at the Round Table, which, unlike that of the ladies of Bagdad, is not laden with all cates and confectioneries; there are bread and meat and wine.

We join in the converse on noble deeds and curious haps and blessed miracles and generous devotions. We go forth seeking the Sangreal, conscious that only our sins can keep us from its blissful beholding. And when, finally, having splintered our last lance, and made our last shrift, and said our last prayer, we die,

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the epitaph we crave and do somewhat deserve, is that which Sir Ector spoke over Sir Lancelot:

"There thou liest, thou were never matched of none earthly knights hands; and thou were the curtiest knight that ever beare shield; and thou were the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrood horse, and thou were the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman; and thou were the kindest man that ever strooke with sword; and thou were the goodliest person that ever came among presse of knights; and thou were the meekest man and the gentlest that ever eate in hall among ladies; and thou were the sternest knight to thy mortall foe that ever put speare in the rest."

There are villainies and debaucheries and cruelties in the "Morte d'Arthure"; but they always appear in recognized and declared blackness, as things to be avoided, scorned, loathed and crushed. When Roger Ascham petulantly denounced the book as one "the whole pleasure of which standeth in two special points, in open manslaughter and bold bawdrie," he uttered a tremendous slander, one which no wise man has ever since repeated. It is true that Sir Lancelot sins with Guinevere, and Sir Tristram—more excusably—with Isoude. But the sins are never condoned, and never go unpunished. They are seen, in the end, to have been the source of all the woe and overthrow which finally arrive; while, to offset such transgressing loves—which yet are loves, not lusts—we have the beautiful friendship of Sir Bors, the radiant purity of Sir Galahad, the sweet, simple, hopeless affection of the lily maid of Astolat; and scores more of men and women, gallant, generous, devout, living in a "pure religion breathing household laws."

The "Morte d'Arthure" has not, indeed, the full, linked, consistent teaching, the purposed allegory and undimmed splendor which Tennyson made out of its story, in his "Idylls of the King." But all the elements of that epic are in the old book—the sense of duty to be shown by acts of faith and courage, by endurance and purity and unselfishness, by compassion and self-control. Take the single episode, "How Sir Percivale's sister bled a dish full of blood for to heal a gentlewoman, whereof she died"—where is there anything like that in the "Thousand and One Nights"?

Yes, it would be hard to find two other books so alike in their origin—each a composite of myths and legends, each with

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a strict theological creed, each with its Bible in the background and its Paradise ahead, yet so utterly unlike and repugnant in their contents. In the one, we enter a palace where fountains plash in the court, where the walls reek with glowing and erotic decoration, where wild music clangs and wilder dancers spin, where lavish banquets are spread on boards of onyx and malachite, where silk-clad men and women idle out the time with libidinous toying and coarse jest. In the other, we wander through the grave forest, where we meet, now a gladsome company who have been a-maying and return laden with blossoms, now a priest with solemn eyes bent upon his breviary, now a stalwart knight in full armor riding after some perilous but noble deed. And dominant over all is the stately figure of that Arthur, "*Flos Regum,*" who, though not Tennyson's faultless man, is yet a King ruling for righteousness, for courage, for the love of God and Man.

CAMERON MANN.

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HOW FRANCE PROTECTS HER MERCHANT MARINE.

BY PROFESSOR ACHILLE VIALLATE.

At a time when there is under discussion in the United States the expediency of measures of special protection meant to stimulate the revival of that branch of the merchant marine which is engaged in foreign commerce, an account of the measures which France has adopted for the same purpose cannot fail to be of interest to the readers of this Review.

The practical value of protecting the merchant marine has been the subject of animated debate in France, and at the present moment the principle of free trade is supported by strong partisans, who represent, however, but a small minority. As a matter of fact, ever since the Revolution, under which the policy of the old Government was continued, the merchant marine has always been protected, except during the short period between 1866 and 1881. This long experience should, if only by reason of its duration, compel attention. It is rendered still more noteworthy by the many forms given to protection during this time. Especially within the last twenty-five years, when, as a consequence of the adoption of the principle of an equality of treatment of foreign flags with the national one, a system of bounties has been added to it, this experience becomes of prime importance. It throws into strong relief the many difficulties of a problem for which no satisfactory solution has yet been found, as may be seen from the fact that Parliament has just adopted a new law for the merchant marine necessitated by the defects which were recognized in the last statute, and which is the fourth on that head within less than a quarter of a century.

The Convention, desirous of promoting the development of the French marine, reproduced, in a law of September, 1793, the

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principal provisions of the English Navigation act of 1651, to which was attributed the extraordinary growth of the British marine. The coasting trade, that is to say, navigation between two French ports, was reserved to the national flag.* The same was true of navigation between the mother country and the colonies. Furthermore, indirect commerce was prohibited and foreign merchandise might be imported into France only directly either in a French vessel or in a vessel of the exporting country. Two years before this enactment, the National Assembly, wishing to promote the ship-building industry, had, by the tariff of March, 1791, forbidden the importation of sea-going vessels, old or new, built in foreign countries.

During the Revolution and under the First Empire, war made it necessary to depart from the principles underlying the law of 1793. The Restoration Government, upon the whole, continued the policy of protection, but modified these principles in one important respect. It reserved to the national flag a monopoly of the coasting trade and an almost equally exclusive control of the trade with the colonies, but it removed the prohibition on indirect commerce. It did not, however, abandon the merchant marine to the risks of free competition in the carrying trade between France and other countries. Flag surtaxes added to the ordinary customs duties levied upon the merchandise imported into France in foreign bottoms and the tonnage charges to which these vessels were liable at the port of entry, preserved to the French flag a privileged place even in this commerce (law of December, 1814, and of April, 1816). A law of the month of March, 1822, renewed the prohibition against the importation of foreign-built ships. For almost half a century the maritime industries, namely, the building and equipment of ships, flourished under the shelter of these laws. Nevertheless, beginning in 1826, a series of treaties concluded with the principal maritime nations established an equality between the French flag and foreign flags for direct exchange, but the surtaxes on the flag were maintained upon indirect commerce.

In 1860, Emperor Napoleon III, impressed by the happy effects of the liberal economic policy which England had followed for fifteen years, resolved to direct France along the same path. The

* This measure has existed ever since this epoch, and the coasting trade has remained reserved to the French flag.

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powers given him by the Constitution of 1852, in matters of commercial policy, enabled him to overcome the opposition to the plan. The more radical measures of this new policy bore most heavily upon the merchant marine. While agriculture and the manufacturing industries had to endure only a diminution of the protection by which they had profited, as a consequence of a lowering of the import duties, those who built ships and fitted them for sea found themselves suddenly deprived of all protection and subjected to free competition with their foreign rivals.

The law of May, 1866, withdrew the prohibition which had prevented the registration in France of foreign-built vessels. It was content to levy a duty of two francs upon the tonnage, a duty too slight to count as protection. To place French ship-builders upon a plane of equality with their foreign competitors, the law authorized them to import duty free the products and materials, whether raw or manufactured, including boilers and the parts of engines, which were necessary for the construction, rigging and outfitting of ships of commerce. Without this precaution the French would have been handicapped in their struggle with the English ship-builders. They would have been obliged to pay for their raw materials a price increased by the still-existing protection in favor of the manufacturing industries, while the English worked under complete free trade. The law of 1866 was no less radical with regard to the industry of fitting out ships. It is true that it secured the coasting trade to the national flag; but that was the only privilege accorded to the industry. The flag taxes were abolished and colonial navigation was opened to foreign ships.* In the case of deep-sea navigation absolutely free competition was substituted for the protection by which it had thus far benefited. The ship-building and ship-outfitting industries were not slow to complain of the new regulations to which they were subjected.

In 1870 the Government made an inquiry into their grievances, and the investigation showed that they were justified. In 1873 an extraparliamentary commission was appointed to study the question. This commission, after long and serious consideration, decided that it was impossible for these industries to endure

* The law of April, 1889, carried a restriction in this respect. It made navigation between France and Algeria like coastwise trade, and so reserved this navigation to the national flag.

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competition with rival English industries; for in spite of his precautions, and notwithstanding appearances, the legislator of 1866 had not succeeded in equalizing the struggle. The ship-yards had indeed the right to import free such materials as they needed; but this right could be exercised only under numerous and irksome formalities. Moreover, the ship-builder, being forced to make use of bonded receipts,* found himself obliged to leave in the hands of the middlemen a part of that tax which the state gave up in his favor. As for the outfitter, he complained of the special burdens which the law, with an ulterior purpose, laid upon him, and which the British marine, especially, did not have to bear. The law of 1793, which has never been modified on this point, requires that three-fourths of the crew of a merchantman be French seamen, and that all the officers be French. Special privileges, some of which are very onerous to the outfitter, are accorded to those Frenchmen who practise navigation professionally, that is to say, as a means of livelihood, by sea or in the ports and roadsteads. The favors granted to the "*inscrits maritimes*" are justified by the special obligations which the law imposes upon these sailors toward the navy, to which they insure a full enlistment.

The Commission of 1873 recognized the necessity of remedying the defects in the law of 1866. It refused, however, in spite of much solicitation, to advise a return to the earlier system. It feared, especially, that the reestablishment of the flag surtaxes might bring about reprisals on the part of other governments. Hence it proposed to offset by direct bounties the burdens which the tariff and special laws imposed upon the building and fitting out of ships in order that these industries might be placed upon a footing of real equality with foreign competition.

The system of bounties advocated by the Commission of 1873 was applied for the first time by the law of January, 1881. But while the Commission had intended that the bounties should serve only to offset the specific burdens of the maritime industries, the law of 1881 went farther. It used the bounty as a

* The giver of the custom-house bond can receive foreign merchandise admitted to the enjoyment of this privilege without paying customs. If, later, the goods are employed for any other object than that authorized by law, the customs become payable. The engagement to pay the customs is guaranteed either by a sponsor or by a deposit of money.

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means of protection. All the other industries of the nation were protected against foreign competition by duties. It was difficult to refuse to the maritime industries a similar treatment.

The law of 1881 abolished the free admission of materials intended for the construction of ships of commerce. By way of compensation it created construction bounties in favor of French ship-builders. These bounties were in principle only the restoration to the ship-builders of the customs duties which affected their materials. The rate was fixed at 60 francs on the gross tonnage for vessels of iron or steel—it was less for wooden vessels and for sailing-ships with auxiliary power—and at 12 francs per hundred kilograms for their machinery.

The ship-owners benefited also by a navigation bounty which applied only to French-built vessels registered for deep-sea navigation. This was of 1 franc 50 on the net tonnage per 1,000 miles run, without distinction between steamers and sailing-ships.

The navigation bounty had a twofold purpose: on the one hand it offset the special burdens imposed by law on the outfitting of French vessels, and on the other constituted an incentive to encourage both branches of the maritime industries.

The ship-owner could not, indeed, hope to retain the whole of the bounty. Protected against foreign competition, the ship-builders in fixing their selling price had now to consider home competition only. Hence they could, by raising their price, oblige the owners to yield to them a part of the profit secured to them by the navigation bounties. Herein lay the danger. It would have been simple enough for the dock-yards to come to an agreement upon their selling price which should wrest from the owners the entire benefit of the bounty. In order to save the latter, therefore, from this monopoly of the home builders, the law accorded to foreign bottoms bought by French owners one-half of the navigation bounty allowed to French-built vessels.

Viewed in the light of its commercial consequences, this law showed appreciable results. The tonnage of steamers increased from 278,000 tons in 1880 to 500,000 tons in 1890. The share of the sea trade going under the French flag during the same period was proportionately increased, rising from 27 per cent. for the term 1878-1880 to 30 per cent. during the years 1888-1890. On the other hand, the results from the ship-builders' point of view were meagre. Of the increase in the tonnage of

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steamships during 1880-1890 more than three-fifths was represented by vessels purchased abroad. This was the unexpected result of the half-bounty. "Ship-owners, in the face of the frequently inflated prices of the French ship-builders, had bought an excessive number of old vessels of foreign build, with the result that the French merchant marine was cumbered with all the rubbish of the foreign fleets."* An awkward clause in the law, by which its duration had been limited to ten years, was also in part responsible for this condition, so that as the date of its expiration drew steadily nearer, newly built vessels had before them a shorter and shorter time within which to profit assuredly by the navigation bounty secured to them. Thus from the year 1887 the efficacy of the law was to a great degree destroyed.

The ship-builders naturally objected to the half-bounty. To abolish it was, they said, the only means of saving them from ruin. The owners, whom such a change would put at the mercy of the builders, exerted themselves to their utmost against these pretensions. Nevertheless, they were defeated, and the law of January, 1893, favored the ship-builder at the expense of the owner.

The bounties upon ship-building were increased. They were raised, for steamships, to 65 francs on the gross tonnage, and to 15 francs per hundred kilograms on the machinery. The half-bounty given for the navigation of foreign-built vessels was abolished, while the navigation bounty upon French-built vessels was thenceforward to be based upon the gross instead of the net tonnage, as in 1881. For this the rate was fixed at 1 franc 10 per gross ton per thousand miles covered for steamers, and 1 franc 70 for sailing-vessels, and this bounty was assured to each vessel for ten years from the date of its registry.

The authors of the law, by raising the rate of the bounty upon sailing-vessels, had intended to prevent their disappearance, since they had diminished rapidly before the advent of steamers; for they regarded the former as the best school for seamen. The result exceeded their intentions, and they saw the strange phenomenon of a steady increase in the sailing fleet, while the number of steamships remained stationary, the very reverse of what was taking place in other countries.

The law of 1893, moreover, shortly after its adoption awakened

* Report of M. Pierre Baudin, for the Budget Committee, July, 1905.

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other and not less serious criticism. The law of 1881 had been attacked by the ship-builders. It was now the turn of the ship-owners to seek from the Parliament the modification of a legislative measure which had sacrificed navigation to ship-building. From 1890 to 1897 the tonnage of steamships underwent no change. The volume of the exchanges carried on under the French flag in competitive commerce remained equally stationary. But whereas in the years 1888-1890 this had represented almost 30 per cent. of the total of such commerce, in 1895-1897 it no longer represented more than 24 per cent.

The French merchant marine allowed itself each year to be distanced by foreign merchant marines, and saw itself overpassed by newer fleets. This condition required consideration. An extraparliamentary commission was named in 1897 to seek a remedy. The ship-owners insistently demanded the reestablishment of the half-bounty upon navigation which had been created in 1881 and abolished in 1893. According to them this half-bounty was merely "an offset to the burdens which the maritime legislation placed upon the ship-owner, burdens inseparable from the origin of the vessel, which incurred them only by reason of its having been registered as a French ship." The ship-builders maintained, on the contrary, that the half-bounty represented "more than a mere compensation to the ship-owner and constituted a real advantage to the foreign ship-builders." In the hope of reestablishing an understanding between these two industries, each necessary to the other, and yet so often in disagreement, the Commission declared itself in favor of such a compensation to the ship-owner as should represent as nearly as possible the real burden borne by him.

The law of April, 1902, is the outcome of the labors of the Commission of 1897. It has not touched the existing status of ship-building, which industry has retained the benefits procured to it by the law of 1893. It has modified only the status of the ship-owner.

Steamships of French construction continue to receive a navigation bounty calculated upon the gross tonnage and per thousand miles run, the rate of this bounty being fixed at 1 franc 70, with an annual decrease of four centimes during the first period of four years, of eight centimes during the second period of four years, and of 16 centimes during the third period of four years.

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Besides, for steamships measuring more than 3,000 gross tons, the initial bounty is diminished on the sum total of the tonnage by 1 centime per hundred tons or fraction thereof over and above 3,000 tons, save that the rate for the first year was not to fall below 1 franc 50 up to 7,000 tons. For steamships measuring more than 7,000 tons, the bounty is the same as that to which a steamship of 7,000 tons would be entitled.

A special allowance, called the "chartered allowance," is created for steam-vessels of foreign build sailing under the French flag. This compensation is based for each vessel upon the number of days during which it was chartered and upon the gross tonnage. But for the purpose of the collection of this allowance the maximum number of chartered days is to be taken 300 in any one year. The rate varies according to the tonnage of the vessel: up to 2,000 tons it is five centimes per ton, from 2,000 tons to 3,000 tons it is four centimes; from 3,000 to 4,000 tons it is three centimes, and beyond 4,000 tons it is two centimes. The existence of this "chartered allowance" prevents the navigation bounty from becoming to the same extent as under the law of 1893 merely another form of bounty upon ship-building. It can play this part only to the extent by which it exceeds the owner's bounty.

With a view to promoting the development of speed in steamships, the law deprives those which are too slow of all or a part of the navigation bounty. Steamships making less than ten knots when half laden are excluded from any right to the bounty. For those making less than eleven knots, the bounty is diminished by 10 per cent.; it is diminished by 5 per cent. for those making less than twelve knots. Only vessels having a speed of at least twelve knots receive the full bounty.

As for sailing-ships, there is for them no chartered allowance; but French-built vessels have the right to an allowance under the form of a navigation bounty. The rate of this bounty is 1 franc 70 per thousand miles per gross ton. To prevent a return of conditions similar to those which resulted from the law of 1893, this bounty is made to decrease for vessels of large tonnage; it diminishes by ten centimes per 100 tons for vessels of more than 500 tons up to 1,000 tons. As with steamships, the bounty is subjected to an annual decrease of two centimes during the first period of four years, of four centimes during the second period of four years, and of eight centimes during the third period of four years.

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The navigation bounty for steamships and sailing-ships was for twelve years only.

To facilitate the use by the navy of a certain number, at least, of merchant ships, the law anticipates the duty with an extra bounty equal to 25 per cent. of the navigation bounty for steamships constructed on plans previously approved by the navy department.* Finally, it is stipulated that, in case of war, all the merchant ships may be requisitioned by the state.†

The estimates of the sum which the bounties might reach gave rise to a fear lest they should become too heavy a burden for the treasury. Prudence made it necessary to guard against such a contingency. This was done by means of a double limit—a limit of the tonnage admitted to the benefit of the law, and a limit of the appropriations allowed for the payment of the bounties.

The new tonnage admitted to the benefit of the law was fixed at 500,000 tons gross measurement for steamships — of which 200,000 at most were for ships of foreign build—and at 100,000 tons for sailing-ships. Moreover, the total sum set aside for application of the law of 1902 was limited to 165,000,000 francs. This sum was divided as follows: 115 millions—of which 100 were for steamships and 15 for sailing-ships—devoted to payment of navigation bounties and compensation for outfit, and 50 millions to construction bounties, for the 500,000 tons before mentioned. But no more than 50,000 tons could benefit by the bounty each year.

These precautions for the budget, very wise from a financial point of view, had in the application of the law an unforeseen result. To be sure of profiting by the advantages of the law, the ship-owners hastened to order vessels and to place them on the stocks. Their haste increased when it was seen that there existed a considerable discrepancy between the allowed tonnage and the money appropriated. The appropriation of 150 million francs, opened to assure the payment of the navigation bounties and the compensation for outfit, was much too little. The tonnage of 600,000 tons contemplated by the law would have required an appropriation of 238 million francs. The rush was such, so soon as this formidable mistake was discovered, that,

* This extra bounty was created by the law of 1881, but it was then only 15 per cent. It was brought up to 25 per cent. by the law of 1893.

† This stipulation was formulated for the first time by the law of 1893.

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less than nine months after its promulgation, from December 20th, 1902, the useful effect of the law was completely exhausted. It could be foreseen that in the course of 1904 at latest the ship-yards devoted exclusively or in great part to the construction of merchant ships would find their stocks empty and their workmen without work, and it was to be feared that at the end of a few years the growth of the merchant marine would be completely arrested.

Thus the law of 1902 had succeeded no better than its predecessors in solving the difficult problem of the protection of the merchant marine. Again, recourse was had to an extraparliamentary commission, to create at last, in the light of past experiences, a satisfactory system. The Commission of 1903 proposed a new system, in which the principles adopted by the Government served as a basis for a new bill which the Chamber of Deputies began to discuss the 17th of November, 1905, and became the law of April 18th, 1906.

In the system followed since 1881, the industries of construction and outfit have been dependent upon each other. Constructors found their protection in the part of the navigation bounty which they could, by raising their prices, compel the owners to yield to them. The new law completely separates the ship-builder from the ship-owner.

The construction bounty will have as its object in the future not only to equalize the customs duties affecting the materials employed, but also to give the builders a compensation sufficient to enable them to concede to the French ship-owners the same prices as foreign builders. This bounty is fixed for iron and steel steam-vessels at 145 francs per ton of total measurement. The allowance for engines and auxiliary apparatus is 27 francs 50 per 100 kilograms. The rate of bounty for sailing-ships is 95 francs per measured ton. With the purpose of stimulating French builders to diminish the causes of their disadvantages, which are susceptible of being lessened, the construction bounty will decrease annually to 4 francs 50 for steamships, and to 3 francs 90 for sailing-ships, during the first ten years of the application of the law. After the tenth year they will be of 100 francs and 65 francs, respectively.

Builders receiving a bounty sufficient to enable them to meet the competition of their foreign rivals need no longer ask that

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the privilege of ship-owners to buy their ships wherever it seems best to them be limited. As to the ship-owners, to place them in a position to compete with foreign vessels, it is enough to assure them an allowance equal to the special costs of operating which French legislation imposes on them. Owners, therefore, want the benefit only of compensation for running their vessels. This will be due for each day of actual running, and per ton of total gross measurement. Its rates are: for steamships four centimes per ton up to 3,000 tons; three centimes per ton more from 3,001 to 6,000 tons, and two centimes per ton more from 6,001 tons upward; and for sailing-ships, three centimes per ton up to 500 tons, two centimes per ton more from 501 to 1,000 tons, and one centime per ton more over and above 1,001 tons. This compensation will be paid to French and foreign ships going under the French flag for the first twelve years.

The form of encouraging speed in steamships is somewhat modified. Those half laden giving on trial a speed less than nine knots are entitled to no allowance. For those which have realized a speed less than ten knots, but as many as or more than nine knots, the rate of compensation is reduced to 15 per cent. This rate is increased by 10 per cent. for vessels having a speed of at least 14 knots; by 20 per cent. for those giving at least 15 knots, and by 30 per cent. for those giving at least 16 knots.

The extra bounty of 25 per cent. for ships used by the navy is preserved, as also the right of requisition by the state on all merchant ships in case of war.

The discussion of this new plan has again brought the advocates and the adversaries of the bounty system face to face. The attack against it has been directed with energy by a former minister of finance, M. Caillaux, who insisted that it has "transformed operations of industrial and commercial character into operations purely financial." "The owner on the alert to open a market for our commerce and industry has been succeeded," says M. Caillaux, "by a new school, less mindful of cargo than of bounty."

Partisans of the bounty have protested against this rigorous judgment; but it is very hard for them to urge in favor of the system the results obtained during the twenty-four years in which it has already operated. The reporter of the bill, M. Pierre Baudin, formerly minister of public works, showed no great con-

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fidence in this system. "The purpose of the system of bounties," he declares, "is the development of the merchant marine; but the incoherence of the results seems to make it plain that we have always struck aside and determined too often the futile birth of artificial productions." If he cling to it, it is because he may see no means of sudden departure from the course to which the country has pledged itself. "The situation is such that, in spite of everything, we must continue to subsidize our ship-builders and our ship-owners, lest we see, at no distant date, the disappearance of our merchant marine." An ardent partisan of the bounty, M. Thierry, was forced, for his part, to recognize the small success which it has thus far had: "Who shall prove what might have happened had there never been a bounty? The result has perhaps not been brilliant; nevertheless, it has been positive and reassuring. A very clear movement in the way of progress is unmistakably discovered whenever this help has come."

From 1880 to 1904 the tonnage of steamships has indeed almost doubled, passing from 278,000 to 549,000 tons. The tonnage carried by them in the navigation of competition has likewise increased, rising from 4,562,000 tons in 1880 to 5,423,000 tons in 1904. But this increase is in no sense proportionate to that of the navigation; whereas in 1880 the French flag carried 27 per cent. of the latter, in 1904 it no longer carried more than 18 per cent.

These modest results have, moreover, been obtained only at the price of sacrifices peculiarly onerous for the treasury. The following table shows the cost of the system of bounties since 1881:*

	Construction bounties. Francs.	Navigation bounties. Francs.	Compensation for outfit. Francs.	Total. Francs.	Mean annual expense. Francs.
Law of 1881, 1881-1892	31,658,000	91,040,000	.....	122,698,000	10,225,000
Law of 1893, 1893-1901	46,755,000	104,276,000	.....	151,031,000	16,781,000
Law of 1902, 1902-1904	30,289,000	77,434,000	152,000	107,875,000	35,958,000
	108,702,000	272,750,000	152,000	381,604,000	

Within twenty-four years there has been an outlay of more than 381 million francs. According to the Budget Commission, the new law will absorb during the first seven years of its appli-

* After the figures given by M. Pierre Baudin, in his report for the Committee of the Budget, July, 1905.

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cation—the only years for which a serious estimate is possible—more than 84 million francs, almost 12 millions a year, which should be added to the payments in the fulfilment of promises made in virtue of the law of 1893.

The outgo for bounties does not represent all of the sacrifice which the French treasury imposes upon itself to aid the merchant marine. Subsidies to the maritime companies charged with the postal service must also be counted.

The subsidy antedates the bounty. Its definite adoption goes back to the beginning of the nineteenth century. The system is calculated to secure regular and rapid postal communication with certain countries beyond seas, and at the same time to constitute an auxiliary fleet capable of being utilized by the navy in times of war. The existence of fixed lines with constant service is also a means of favoring the expansion of the national commerce.

The state obtains, moreover, in exchange for the subsidy, direct advantages: the free carriage of the mails and the funds of the public treasury; transport of officials at a reduced price, and of arms and stores destined for the service of the state. The two great subsidized French companies are The General Transatlantic Company, which maintains the lines to New York, the Antilles, and some lines of the Mediterranean, and the Compagnie des Messageries Maritimes, which maintains the lines to the Far East, Australia and New Caledonia, Brazil and the Argentine Republic, and the eastern coast of Africa.

The postal subsidies in the budget for 1906 amount to 26 million francs. As the construction and navigation bounties and the compensation for outfit absorb 36 million francs, France spends 62 million francs a year, almost 12 million dollars, for the protection of its merchant marine.

ACHILLE VIALLATE.

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THREE CRITICS OF SOCIALISM.

Mr. James J. Hill, The Hon. Morgan J. O'Brien, M. Georges Clemenceau.

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON.

I.

Charles Kinglsey says that every generous man begins as a Radical and gradually grows Conservative. So, perhaps, most of us have been Socialists, whether from a desire to see mankind enter Paradise, or in some period of depression, when Fate has borne hardly on us. Yet we awake from our dreams. We come to realize that Socialism would violate some of the deepest principles of life. With the best motive, grave injury would be done. Above all, individual liberty would suffer, and we should lose ground that it cost centuries of strife and sorrow to win.

It is significant of the present day, when the tide of Socialism is rising in many lands, that the opposition to Socialism is growing clearer and more outspoken, and is resting on deeper principles and broader considerations. There is a wise apprehension lest, fleeing from lesser evils, we might fall into greater, moving backward into the darkness, not forward toward the light. Three distinguished men have recently spoken on themes related to Socialism, helping us to new views of its promises and dangers, and bringing into relief certain principles of life. Widely differing in aim, they are one in lucidity and force. And two of them are the more valuable witnesses, because they are not primarily criticising Socialism at all. With a quite different purpose in mind they nevertheless bring out certain facts in conflict with the claims of Socialism, and they make us aware of serious dangers which the Socialists ignore.

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II.

Mr. James J. Hill is one of these indirect critics. At the Minnesota State Fair he delivered an address on "The Nation's Future," full of practical wisdom, and enriched with grave eloquence, which bears very strongly on our theme. Let me first try to give an outline of Mr. Hill's view, and then show how it touches Socialism.

Speaking of our national life, Mr. Hill reminds us that we should always look forward. The ideal of the prudent, loving, careful head of every family is the true ideal for a nation. Thus, looking to the middle of the twentieth century, we make the startling discovery that only forty-four years hence this country will have to meet the wants of two hundred million people. Where are these people to be employed, and how supported? When the search-light is thus suddenly turned on, we find ourselves face to face with no mere speculation, but with that grim spectre which confronts the unemployed, tramping hateful streets in search of food and shelter. We are already adding a million immigrants a year to our population, yet, with strange perversity, these newcomers all cling to the great cities, crowding into the already overflowing tenements, and refusing to spread over the length and breadth of our great land. The result is that, in the country and on the farms, labor never was as scarce or wages as high as at the present time. The farms stretch out their hands in vain. Railroads making extensions have to get help at the highest market prices, and many of their recruits are mere hoboes who desert immediately. A considerable portion of this year's magnificent crop was either reduced in quality or altogether lost because it was impossible to get labor to handle it properly. We have to face this extreme congestion in our great towns, and knowing that within forty-four years we shall have a population of over two hundred millions, we are forced to ask ourselves what we are to do with our brother, whose keeper we are, and how we are to provide our children with shelter and daily bread?

Mr. Hill is met with the objection that America has enormous natural resources. Yes, he replies; but we are burning them up with scandalous improvidence. Our great resources are four: the sea, the forest, the mines, the soil. As for the sea, we can draw little more from it. The forest, once a rich heritage, is rapidly disappearing. Within twenty years we shall have nowhere east

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of the Rocky Mountains a timber product worth recording. This much is clear. What is less clear is that we are wasting in the same fashion other resources which no repentance can restore, no ingenuity can replenish. The nation publishes periodically the record of a scattering of assets never to be regained, and waits with a smile of complacence for general congratulation. The two great resources of the underearth are coal and iron. The coal output of the United States is now more than 350,000,000 tons annually, between forty and fifty per cent. of the world's entire supply. The estimated life of the Pennsylvania anthracite fields is put at little more than fifty years, and the demand for soft coal is many times greater. By the middle of the present century, when our population shall have reached the two-hundred-million mark, the greater part of our best and most convenient coal will have been consumed.

The prospect of our mighty iron interest is even more threatening and more sure. The most reasonable computation of scientific authority affirms that existing production cannot be maintained for fifty years, assuming that all the available iron ore known to us is mined. And we place a bounty on the exhaustion of the home supply of both coal and iron by a tariff which prohibits recourse to outside supplies. In England matters have gone further. Her iron supply is more nearly exhausted. Her coal is already being drawn from the deeper levels. The added cost pinches the market, and makes her trade smaller in both volume and profits. Already there is the cry of want and suffering from every street in England. From a million to a million and a half of men are huddling together in her cities, uttering the most pathetic and most awful ultimatum, "Damn your charity, give us work!"

The sea, the forest, the mines have thus reached, or will soon reach, their limit. There remains the soil. This is the only asset that does not perish, because it contains within itself the possibility of infinite renewal. Then Mr. Hill shows how recklessly and improvidently we have dealt with the soil. Only one-half of the land in private ownership is now tilled, and that tillage does not produce one-half of what the land might be made to yield, without losing an atom of its fertility. Yet the waste of our treasure has proceeded so far that the actual value of the soil for productive purposes has already deteriorated more than it should

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have done in five centuries of use. In truth, we do not till the soil in any serious sense. We only skim the rich cream year by year, exhausting the virgin fertility of the earth, and rapidly extracting its productive powers. And this with that army of another hundred million people marching in plain sight toward us, and expecting and demanding that they shall be fed.

Here is our danger. Our salvation lies in a wise use of the soil, our greatest inheritance, and "the mother of humanity." If not another acre were to be redeemed from the wilderness, if the soil were treated kindly and intelligently, if industry were distributed duly, and popular attention were concentrated upon the best possible utilization of our one unfailing national resource, there would be produced all necessary food for more than six hundred million people. Now, as ever, concludes Mr. Hill, to the nation and the race, as to the individual, Nature, the unrelenting task-mistress of the centuries, holds out in one hand her horn of plenty and in the other her scourge. This country has brought itself within the reach of the thong, while grasping at the satisfaction of present appetite, and forgetting the primal relation between the earth and man. The pathway to prosperity is still open. The divinity of the earthly life at heart is kind. Under her rule there are work and abundant reward for all, but these must be won in her designated way and in no other. Her pointing finger, that has never varied since man came upon the earth, shows the old and only way to safety and honor. Upon the readiness with which this is understood, the sober dignity with which a whole nation rises to the winning of its broad and permanent prosperity, will depend the individual well-being of this and many generations. Largely by this method will posterity, our fit and righteous judge, determine whether what issues from the crucible of this twentieth century is a bit of rejected dross to be cast aside, or a drop of golden metal to shine forever upon the rosary of the years.

The eloquence of this and its truth are undeniable. What seems to me quite as noteworthy is its bearing on Socialism, which Mr. Hill himself does not point out. Socialism perceives the same symptoms: our overcrowded cities, the wretched surroundings of so many of our poor, the growing pressure of privation. And Socialism declares that these evils are the fruit of Capitalism. To gain redemption, we must give back to the people the great re-

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sources of Nature. The people must own the coal, the iron, the land. Then all will be well. Now, the essence of the matter is this: the argument we have just followed shows conclusively that the nationalization of coal and iron would be the merest palliative, useless within two generations; while, as to the land, we have, in fact, distributed it to the people to a degree never seen in human history. Within the memory of men still living, half a continent has been given to the people, for the mere asking. Yet the misuse of this splendid gift has been deplorable, and threatens to be disastrous. What the people need is not more land, but the wisdom and temperance to use wisely what they already have, and of which they till only a fraction, and that so badly, that its value, instead of rising, steadily falls. There is a boundless demand for labor in our fields, but the people, flowing into this country at the rate of a million a year, cling to our cities and our tenements, and refuse to go to the land. We want, not Socialism, but a wise Individualism. Individual honesty in dealing with nature, individual providence in building for the future of the soil, individual sacrifice in refraining from an immediate gain for the sake of those who shall come after us. The whole of human experience shows that individual ownership of the soil, with individual love of the soil, such as the peasants of France and Ireland have, is the true way to increase our treasure. The ills Socialism deplores do not rest on Capitalism at all. They rest on moral deficiencies in vast numbers of individuals, ourselves included, and deficiencies well within our power to cure.

III.

The Hon. Morgan J. O'Brien is equally impressed with our national improvidence. It has been said by a man of affairs, he tells us, that we are a profligate nation. And in commenting on this, one of our daily papers has said that the phrase is one of such happy coinage that it might be styled an inspiration. The conditions which make it apt would be far from inspiring if we were forced to look upon them as enduring. For we are a profligate nation, because we are spendthrifts not only of our natural resources, but of our physical and mental energies as well. We are money-reckless, work-reckless, ambition-reckless, play-reckless, social-reckless, according to our spheres and callings. We are cutting down our forests and our nerves, exhausting our

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mines and our mettle, piling our speculations and our aspirations to the tottering-point. Literally, in the heat of the day we take no thought for the morrow.

Mr. Hill has shown that one of our great dangers is the flow of immigrants and our own rural population to the great cities, thus depleting the land, which is our one permanent source of wealth. Judge O'Brien shows us another aspect of the city problem. Taking up the American city, he tells us, we find that it is composed of a heterogeneous mass of people. Emigrants have come to us from every country in the world. In the matter of assimilation alone, we have one of the most difficult social and political problems to solve. Through emigration, thousands are annually landed on our shores who differ from us in language, customs and habits. Extending, as we have, an invitation to the persecuted and downtrodden, it was not only natural, but inevitable that the increase in our population should be largely made up of the foreign born; and, while the part which they have played in the growth and development of the country in the past has not been insignificant, the continuous flow from other countries is placing upon those entrusted with the administration of affairs great burdens and responsibilities. The difference in habits, customs, mental and moral equipment of the different races that go to make up a city population has rendered it next to impossible to settle on any fixed policy which should be applied in the suppression, particularly, of the three great social evils of gambling, intemperance and immorality, which are menaces to our civilization. This uncertainty in policy, due to the complex character of the population, has added greatly to the responsibilities and difficulties of those entrusted with the administration of city affairs. It cannot be denied, however, that any attempt to lower the moral standards which are recognized by honest and decent people in every community would be fraught with the most dreadful consequences. We have made giant strides in every direction, but we must not shut our eyes to the blots on our civilization. The tendency of a too rapid material growth is to produce materialism; and it has been concluded by those who have observed the rapid growth of the modern city, with its enormous production of wealth, with its destruction of human life, with its overcrowding of the poor and laboring classes into badly equipped and insufficient rooms in tenement-houses, that

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the tendency of the modern city is too materialistic, and on that account a menace to itself. This massing of large numbers of the population in one place, which will increase with the century, will tend to strengthen the forces of Socialism and materialism, the result, necessarily, of the enormous wealth of the few and the poverty of the many; and thus, upon a larger field and under new and untried conditions, will be fought out the battle between Individualism and morality on one side, and Socialism and materialism on the other, and upon the outcome will depend the defeat or the realization of the aspirations and hopes of democracy.

It seems to me that, in the closing sentence, Judge O'Brien has pointed out the root of the evil of Socialism. Before dwelling on this, let me quote one more passage. In considering American civilization, Judge O'Brien tells us it will be found that in the main it was established and built by men of severe and rugged virtues who were deeply imbued with religious principles, and that the laws and manners and customs of the people were pervaded with high moral ideals. In the past, great social problems have been adjusted in a way consistent with truth and justice, and thus we have acquired the garnered fruits of the civilization of the ages, and the promise, in the twentieth century, of a theatre wherein can be exhibited the highest achievements of man. If there should be a failure to realize this seeming destiny, it will be due to Socialism and materialism, and the inordinate growth of the vices and tendencies to which we have adverted, but which, as yet, have had no serious effect upon our growing civilization.

Judge O'Brien thus makes it clear that the dangers which menace the enormous masses of people in our rapidly growing cities are the fruit, not of Capitalism at all, but of low moral development in large masses of people; the same cause which Mr. Hill showed was the root of our greatest economic evils. It is significant that Judge O'Brien invariably classes Socialism and materialism together, and this may well remind us that Socialism is at heart intensely materialistic. In every Socialistic argument there is the tacit assumption that material welfare is the supreme good; and the impeachments of our present system are all based on the fact that material comforts are not equally distributed. One can well see that, in a social state founded on this assumption, every finer energy of the human heart and soul would

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be in danger of being smothered. For the Socialist holds that these finer energies have a merely decorative value, and do not rest on eternal principles of life. In the Socialist's view, these finer qualities would all have to yield to the great end of universal comfort. But the truth is, that what is best in our humanity has sprung, not from the desire of comfort at all, but from self-sacrifice and a courageous willingness to face death. It is this failure rightly to value the finer energies of man which prevents the Socialists from seeing that the organizing faculty is one of the greatest and most benign, as well as one comparatively rare; and that it is to the possession of this faculty, and not to Capitalism, that most of our great fortunes, whether individual or corporate, are due. This organizing faculty enables its possessor to make fertile the work of fifty or five hundred or five thousand other men; in a greater degree it is able to combine the lesser organizing power of a score of gifted individuals into a corporate whole, and thus to direct and enhance the working power of tens of thousands. But the Socialist sees nothing in the creative individual but the big figures of his income, and directs all his arguments and reforming zeal against these. Yet I am convinced that there is a large measure of illusion in all this, and that in reality we are all much more nearly on a level. No one of us, even a multimillionaire, wears two suits of clothes at once, or eats two dinners, or is in two rooms at once. And the same six feet of earth will presently accommodate us all. The real difference lies not in the figures of our incomes, but in the moral forces of our lives. And I think that a right estimate of our spiritual possibilities, a truer self-respect, is the antidote for this comparing of incomes. Here again what we need is more Individualism; not less. We need to add to high individual talent a high sense of honor; the moral sense of obligation to others must be added to the power to organize the work of others. This moral force, widely distributed, will guard us against the great possibilities of evil which Judge O'Brien so wisely points out.

IV.

Lastly, we call on M. Clémenceau, representing "the clear and critical spirit of France." Mr. Hill has indirectly shown the economic weakness of Socialism. Judge O'Brien has wisely revealed its materialism. M. Clémenceau, with eloquent good

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sense, touches on an extremely practical point. Replying to M. Jaurès, spokesman of the Socialists, he points out that we must distinguish between two different elements in the social organization, between the man and the system. It seems simpler to reform, in theory, the system; any one can take it up at his pleasure. But if you will reflect that the system of the social organization is only and can only be the result of successive human ideas, it is clear that arbitrarily to modify the social organization, without troubling yourself to find out whether the man is in a condition to adapt himself to it, can only lead to disorder. Thus even those who set out to remake the social organization first are brought back to the reform of the individual. If you reform the individual, says M. Clémenceau to the Socialists, if you give yourself, not exclusively, but chiefly, to the reform of the human personality, man will discover for himself the system of organization which suits him, without giving heed to your theories, or to the prophecies you have ventured on, and which certainly will not be fulfilled, because you cannot, unless you are yourselves divine, predict the evolution of mankind. When you have given us the system of the new society, you will still have to find a new man to live in it. Man, as he now exists, is not the man you need to live in your society. You propose to manufacture the future by direct means; we, on our part, manufacture the men who will make the future; and we thus accomplish a miracle much greater than yours. We do not fabricate a man expressly for our city; we take man as he is, all roughhewn from his primitive caves, with his cruelty and his kindness, his egoism and his altruism, his pity for the evils which he endures himself and for those which he himself makes his kind endure. We take him fallible, inconsistent, groping his way to he knows not what better thing. We enlighten and enlarge him; we weaken his evil propensities and fortify him in what is good, and we give him freedom and we justify him, and, drawing him away from the bestial rule of force, we lead him by degrees to an ever-nearer approximation to a loftier justice. And every day there is a little more disinterestedness, a little more nobility, goodness, beauty; a new power over both himself and the outer world.

M. Clémenceau lays us all under an obligation by pointing out that the Socialist state would in reality be a despotism, under whatever name it might be veiled. I am bound to recognize, he

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tells M. Jaurès, that you have set up an organization from the principle of which my *bourgeois* soul recoils. I mean what you call *unification*. Unification, to my eyes, is nothing but a kind of *catholization* of Socialism. It is the heavy hand of a governing oligarchy laid on a democracy of workmen who are struggling for freedom. It is the introduction of that ancient state of mind which, in order to secure the triumph of the gospel, has turned a message of liberty into a most terrible instrument of authority over the free expansion of the individual. The dogmatic spirit has been banished from the purely intellectual sphere, and we will have nothing to do with reestablishing it in the sphere of economics.

One of the most courageous and valuable parts of M. Clémenceau's address raises a prime question of liberty. I have watched closely, he tells us, some strikes in which my views have brought me to take the side of the strikers; but I must avow that I found myself in dire embarrassment when I heard a man who was reproached with applying for work to the office answer: "You have gone on strike to get a better wage. I do not say you are wrong. But I have a wife and family, and I have earned nothing for three months. Work is offered me; if I refuse it, will you feed my little ones?" That is not primarily a question of Socialism, but it is a question of the dogmatic spirit of Socialism, of the tendency to coerce and tyrannize over minorities. The individual liberty of man is one of the most precious things our suffering and sinning humanity has yet attained, and we must resist to the last whatever seeks to destroy this sacred inheritance.

Another aspect of the question of liberty is this. One may well hold that whatever progress mankind has made, since the days of those primitive caves M. Clémenceau reminds us of, was due to the free creative force of exceptionally gifted individuals. But we have not yet left the darkness behind us. Our humanity has yet many victories to win, victories of the spirit, of the mind and of the body. What, then, could be more calamitous than to assent to any social system which would in effect tie the hands of the strong creative spirits, and make them servants of the blind and stumbling masses. Whatever we may think of visible aristocracy, there is an inalienable aristocracy of souls; and now, as ever, the salvation of mankind lies in obedience to the spiritual aristocracy of courage, of heroic vision, of self-sacrifice.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

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RICHARD STRAUSS'S "SALOME."

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN.

A NEW opera that, within little more than a year of its production, has invaded most of the principal opera-houses of Europe, yet one that possesses no spectacular or scenic attractiveness whatsoever, and that sets at defiance every traditional requirement of the operagoer, would seem to have established some claim to a rather searching critical consideration. In this singular case is Richard Strauss's "Salome," which is to be performed at the Metropolitan Opera-House, New York, this month for the first time in America. Not since Wagner's later music-dramas set all æsthetic Europe by the ears has so intense and wide an agitation been caused by any new work for the lyric stage. "Salome," which is based upon the one-act drama of Oscar Wilde, was produced at the Dresden Royal Opera on December 9th, 1905. It was received with unbounded enthusiasm—there were thirty-eight recalls for the singers, the conductor and the composer, when the curtain fell after the brief performance (the work lasts but an hour and a half). Since then, it has traversed the operatic stages of the Continent in a manner little short of triumphal. It has been jubilantly acclaimed as an epoch-making masterwork, and virulently denounced as a subversive and preposterous aberration: yet it has everywhere been eagerly listened to and clamorously discussed.

It may be serviceable, before considering Strauss's music, to regard briefly the remarkable drama of Wilde from which it is derived. The story of Salome, her dance before Herod, her connection with the life of John the Baptist, has inspired innumerable painters, dramatists and poets; yet its most powerful and hauntingly imaginative setting is, doubtless, the one-act prose drama of Wilde. The play was written in French for Sarah Bernhardt,

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and Wilde expected that she would produce it and enact the part of the heroine; but when the drama was performed in Paris at the *Nouveau Théâtre* on October 28th, 1896, Mme. Lina Munte, and not Mme. Bernhardt, played the part of *Salome*. Two years before the Paris performance, an English translation of the play, made by Lord Alfred Douglas, was published, with highly characteristic illustrations by Aubrey Beardsley; and this English version was privately performed in London on May 10th, 1905.

It has been said that Wilde in writing his play was strongly influenced by Gustave Flaubert's tale, "Hérodias," in the collection "*Trois Contes*"; for Flaubert is one of the many who, before Wilde, recounted in prose their versions and perversions of the ancient Hebrew chronicle. However that may be—and the hypothesis seems plausible enough — Wilde's chief departure from the Scriptural and legendary originals in the matter of plot consists in imputing to Salome a consuming and insatiable passion for the Prophet, and in making the request for his head in payment for her dancing a voluntary one, unprompted by her mother Herodias. Salome would kiss the lips of John; and, her passionate importunities being repulsed by him, she demands his head, that she may bestow upon his dead lips the kisses which she had burned to give them in life. Wilde has still further altered and amplified the traditional story by bringing the figure of Herod far more prominently into the action. The Tetrarch is shown as harboring an ill-concealed and growing passion for his niece and stepdaughter, Salome—a passion which is turned to horrified loathing at the close of the drama, when, at the sight of the enraptured princess caressing the severed head of John, he distractedly commands her death.

Whatever opinion one may hold concerning the subject-matter of Wilde's play—and this is not the occasion to indulge in the luxury of ethical appraisement—there can be no question of the potency of the work as dramatic literature. At the least, few will deny the maleficent power and the imaginative intensity with which the conception, such as it is, is carried through, from its vivid beginning to its climactic and truly appalling close. Passion and terror are its chief emotional accents—passion and terror, and the note of an overshadowing destiny: these are its key-notes. It has, in a conspicuous and singular degree, the true fate-burdened atmosphere of classic tragedy—indeed, a persistent

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appreciator might even find in it an enforcement of the antique tradition of expiation. It might justly bear for its motto a paraphrase of the cry of the protagonist in a contemporary tragedy, equally charged with the spirit of disaster and sudden fate: "O Princess, there is no evil done upon the world that the wind does not bring back to the feet of him who made it!" One notes the insistent use of such vivid and modern symbols as wind and shadow, employed as a kind of inverted and aphoristic Chorus. Thus for Herod, crime-haunted and lustful, the wind is full of sinister omens—he hears it in "something that is like the beating of vast wings"; the wind is "icy"; again it is hot, and chokes him. The moon, to him, "is like a mad woman, a mad woman who is seeking everywhere for lovers. She is naked, too . . . the clouds are seeking to clothe her nakedness, but she will not let them. . . . Does she not reel like a drunken woman?" To the young soldier Narraboth, in love with Salome, the moon, on the other hand, "is like a little princess who wears a yellow veil, and whose feet are of silver. She is like a princess who has little doves for feet." To the apprehensive page, who foresees direful results from his friend's infatuation, she is "like a woman rising from a tomb. . . . You would fancy she were looking for dead things." While to Salome, before she has become inflamed by the sight of John, the moon is "cold and chaste. . . . She has a virgin's beauty." One cannot but think, after all this, of Shelley's moon that was

> "like a dying lady lean and pale,
> Who totters forth, wrapped in a gauzy veil,
> Out of her chamber, led by the insane
> And feeble wanderings of her fading brain."

One must not forget to give due credit to the admirably poetic and eloquent English translation of Wilde's text made by Lord Alfred Douglas, with its curious and striking mixture of the verbal style of the King James version and something of the rhythmic cadence of M. Maeterlinck—a sufficiently odd, yet influential, compound.

What, now, of the music that Strauss has contrived as a setting for this singular *mélange* of lust, piety and exaltation, this horrible, flagrant, yet beautiful and insinuating play?

Strauss completed the score of "Salome" at Berlin in June,

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1905. It is numbered Opus 54, and follows the "Symphonia Domestica" in the succession of his published works. It is his most unequivocal and venturesome effort. In deliberate complexity of structure and audacity of procedure it outdistances any of his previous achievements, either symphonic or operatic —it will be recalled that Strauss has produced two other works in lyrico-dramatic form: "Guntram" (Opus 25) and "Feuersnot" (Opus 50). In polyphonic tissue — the interweaving of different melodic strands—the music is not so dense and full as the "Domestica" or "Ein Heldenleben"; but in harmonic radicalism and in elaborateness and intricacy of orchestration it is his most extreme performance. His use of dissonance—or, more precisely, of sheer cacophony—is as deliberate and persistent as it is unabashed. The entire score is a harmonic *tour de force* of the most amazing character—a practically continuous texture of new and daring combinations of tone. At more than one place the orchestra is literally divided against itself, and thunders simultaneously in two violently antagonistic keys; or the orchestra as a whole will be playing unconcernedly in A-flat major, while the singer intones valiantly a phrase in A (natural) minor. In spite, however, of its staggering novelty of effect, the music is conceived, so far as its relation to the drama is concerned, upon the lines laid down by Wagner in theory and practice. That is to say, "Salome" is a true music-drama; for the music is always and unswervingly at the service of the dramatic situation, enforcing and italicizing the significance of the text and action. Wagner himself has not wrought a more consistent and uncompromising score, considered as a dramatic commentary and exposition. The Wagnerian system of typical themes is faithfully and ingeniously exploited, and is made to serve an illustrative purpose that never flags in explicitness and detail. The score is full of every variety of tone-painting, broadly delineative as well as extravagantly minute. It is all part of the enormous and nonchalant ingenuity that has contrived the executive side of the work—that has found, for example, no more difficulty in setting the rhymeless and metreless prose of Wilde's drama than in handling the prodigious orchestra for which the music is scored.

The observer stands continually in amaze at the unconcerned ease, the technical mastery, with which structural difficulties and complexities of a truly appalling nature are invited and over-

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come—especially and most strikingly in the matter of instrumentation. Strauss has scored in this work for an orchestra of colossal proportions, and he has chosen to handle it in the most blithely audacious way. It is not every music-maker who dares to devise his orchestral schemes with the serene disregard for tradition and feasibility displayed by the composer of "Salome" —to require, for example, his violas and 'cellos to play parts immemorially delegated to the violins; to make his double-basses cavort with the agility and the abandon of clarinets; to write unheard-of and nerve-destroying figures for the kettle-drums, and to demand of the trombonist that he transform his instrument into a flute: yet Strauss, on almost every page of his score, makes some such demand upon his executants. It is precisely, though, in the matter of its orchestral treatment that the music of "Salome" is most noteworthy and most admirable. Viewed purely from the standpoint of instrumentation—the disposition of the musical idea among the multiple voices of the orchestra—this score is an indisputable marvel. Never has this sonorous and many-tongued modern instrument been so resourcefully, so daringly, so ingeniously employed. Such skill in the contrivance and juxtaposition of instrumental *timbres,* so superbly sure and masterful a grasp upon the mechanism of the most formidable artistic medium in existence, is as astounding as it is unparalleled in musical literature.

It is when one turns from the bewildering magnificence of its orchestral investure to a consideration of the actual substance of the music, the fundamental ideas which lie within the dazzling instrumental envelope, that it is possible to realize why, for many of his most determined admirers, this work marks a pathetic decline from the standard set by Strauss in his former achievements. It is not that the music is often cacophonic in the extreme, that its ugliness ranges from that which is merely harsh and unlovely to that which is brutally and deliberately hideous; for we have not to learn anew, in these days of post-Wagnerian emancipation, that a dramatic exigency justifies any possible musical means that will appropriately express it: to-day we cheerfully concede that, when a character in music-drama tells another character that "his body is like the body of a leper, like a plastered wall where vipers crawl . . . like a whited sepulchre, full of loathsome things," the sentiment may not be uttered in

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music of Mendelssohnian sweetness and placidity. What one objects to and grieves over in "Salome" is not that the music is often hideous, with a hideousness that is unhallowed and unashamed, but that in its hideousness it is so empty, so inarticulate, so abortive, so lacking in point, in grip, in saliency, in vividness of denotement—in a word, that it is so ineffective. To be brief, it does not speak. Time and again the thing intended simply does not "come off." There is possible in music a kind of ugliness, a kind of deliberate cacophony, that is expressive and significant—that speaks, that is eloquent. Strauss himself has achieved such an effect in that wonderful and heart-shaking passage in his "Don Quixote" which depicts the mental disintegration of the deluded knight; or, again, in the unforgettable battle-music in "Ein Heldenleben." There is also possible in music another order of dissonant effect, which may be achieved (to recall Mr. Whistler's luminous phrase) by the simple expedient of "sitting on the keyboard": an effect that is obviously possible without either inspiration or artistry. And it is upon this order of futile and afflicting expression that Strauss, for reasons which need not here be explored, relies in much of the music of "Salome." There are moments, all too brief, when the thought of the composer, in the intenser portions of the drama, touches the rim of a potent and moving conception; but far more often he is either elaborately commonplace—with a commonplaceness that is sometimes amusingly suggestive of Massanet at his worst—or he is painfully and fatuously shrill.

For those who treasure in their minds, with thanksgiving for their indisputable beauty and power, the nobler inventions of the genius who once gave us a "Zarathustra," a "Don Quixote," a "Heldenleben," a "Tod und Verklärung," and a sheaf of incomparable songs, this master of music must seem to have fallen upon evil days.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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THE HOOF-BEATS OF THE YEARS.

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL.

I FEEL on my bosom
The hoof-beats of the years—
They trample me down.
I raise bruised arms against them,
But in vain. They trample me down.

I hear everywhere the clamor of life,
The groanings of effort rolling the stones up-hill,
The clang of the hammer, the burst
Of steam, the grinding of wheels, the blast
Of truculent whistles, and booming of bells,
And strident chorus of languages everywhere
In the Babel of labor; and under it all
The tiny voices of those, the Giants of toil,
The Achievers, whose sound is so fine,
So ethereal fine, to our ears that we hear not
As they work in a seeming silence profound—
They, the Great Ones, the Kings of all labor,
Beside whose grandeur of work
Our own is as chaff in the wind—
Those artisans of universes, makers of stars and suns,
The Cell-builders, God's own handmen.
For them is the harmony eternal!
They feel not the griding of years!

But I—I—the human standing at bay,
Who am not told God's secrets, who learn
And unlearn in sweat and in tears,
I it is who feel the hoof-beats of the years

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Trampling out of my bosom
Its very heart—down to the dust.

Yet from this dust I arise,
I arise and go to God,
And ask again my eternal questions;
And though He answers me naught,
Though He leaves me to suffer—
Me, a part of Him—
To suffer alone and apart from Him,
He gives me somehow, somewhere, to know
That, though the hoof-beats of the years
Beat out my heart from my bosom,
Down, down to the dust,
Yet they cannot kill my soul—
The flamelike, exuberant soul that He made
And sowed with the seed of His Soul—
Nor cut it off forever from Him.

LOUISE MORGAN SILL.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

BY THE EDITOR, JAMES HUNEKER, FERRIS GREENSLET AND CLAYTON HAMILTON.

"THE BALANCE OF POWER."*

"THE Balance of Power" is not a strong story; it is the story of a strong man, such as has been told better and less well many times. The central figure is rather more than a hero; he is a paragon, not perhaps "inevitable," as described in the book, but certainly irresistible. He begins his career, in the traditional manner, at the early age of five by thrashing a bigger boy, who spoke disrespectfully of a friend. It was a manly act, culminating in an improbable result, but serving, in a sort of prelude, as an index of the character of the model. Twenty years later, the same lad, now grown to man's estate and exceptional physical bulk, surmounted by a massive head, ugly features and protruding jaw, traditionally indicative of power, lives in a humble way with his Scotch mother in the same New England mill town. His worthy father has died of a broken heart caused by the loss of money in speculation. The boy has won his way through the high school, has declined the proffer of a position in a neighbor's store, because, apparently, he regarded the acceptance of it as an additional obligation, and has begun work as a common laborer in a mill whose owner, as might be suspected, is an irascible person who has an only daughter. Divested of unnecessary and irritating entanglements, the story of the progress of the paragon proceeds simply. He becomes assistant superintendent, then superintendent and, finally, general manager of the mill. Meanwhile, the concern itself has become embarrassed financially, and a rival mill-owner acquires a large number of shares in the corporation with the purpose of securing control and, presumably,

* "The Balance of Power." By Arthur Goodrich. New York: Outing Publishing Company.

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of reducing the output and depriving men of employment. Our hero divines the intention; and, with the aid of the friend in whose behalf he fought his first battle, he too seeks proxies for the shareholders' election. Then the rival mill-owner, through a walking delegate, incites a strike, and our hero is obliged to cope with the situation single-handed. That he does so heroically and effectively, facing dangers with a calm and dauntless smile, may be assumed. Still, the rival mill-owner continues his machinations, and it becomes necessary for our hero to unmask him and present him to the people in his true colors as the real source of municipal political corruption and jobbery. The paragon is pledged to support the boy whom he thrashed in the prelude, as a candidate for Mayor; but the leaders of the popular party, of which he is a member, reach the conclusion that he himself is the man who can be elected, and determine upon his nomination without his knowledge. Fortunately for his own reputation, he hears of the plot in the nick of time; and, entering the convention, with no dramatic attempt, but with the simple, earnest words of a true man, sternly puts aside the crown. His friend is nominated, and he puts his broad shoulders back of the canvass. The climax comes on the night before election, when he is to put before his fellow citizens the terrific indictment he has prepared against the Pharisees who have stolen franchises and corrupted weak and lowly politicians. While on his way to the hall, he is attacked by a small regiment of ruffians and overpowered. There is another copy of the speech, however, and the candidate, taking advantage of the tragic circumstances and the mass of evidence, scores so heavily that his audience proceeds from the Opera House to tear up the car tracks and destroy other evidences of the gain achieved through political corruption, and the conspiring Pharisees sneak stealthily away to avoid too intimate association with lamp-posts. After a time our hero regains his senses, and from the steps of his boyhood's home acknowledges a mighty ovation tendered to him by his grateful fellow citizens, along with restoration of the union label which he had lost, and assurances that the men have returned to work. We must take for granted that the purification of municipal government thereupon became permanent, to the great joy of all except the grafters and grabbers of franchise.

But what of the miller's daughter? There is little to record

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except that she formed the habit of appearing opportunely at critical junctures and producing the missing paper or whatever information was essential to the full performance of duty. Naturally enough, she was supposed to be in love with the lad who got the thrashing in the prelude and subsequently became Mayor, and it was not until the very last that our hero discovered inadvertently that he was the one whom she had loved all the time; and so, when we leave the paragon and the heroine, they are preparing to be married, to the satisfaction of all concerned and unconcerned.

"The Balance of Power" is a good story, despite its incongruities and the insufferable chatter of various aged gentlemen who persist in giving weak imitations of "David Harum" and "Eben Holden." The fact that the hero is a real hero is made evident so unobtrusively that the effort in no wise impairs interest in the character. Indeed, from the very beginning we *want* him to be a paragon. We should be disappointed if he were else in any respect. He wins and holds our sympathy. At no step do we have the slightest doubt of his ultimate triumph; but, instinctively, we wish to behold his success and in a certain sense participate in it. It is the human's inherent regard for strength and simplicity, and the conviction that those two qualities constitute the basis of impregnability, that bear one gladly along such a triumphal progress, however unreal it may seem in some of its aspects, however commonplace the environment and however ordinary the realism, so long as it be, as in this case, so well drawn as to make even the minor characters truly live. The key-note of the book is homely idealism, and it is uplifting. All that was required to make it a strong story, instead of a story of a strong man, was the service of an editor capable of eliminating superfluous verbiage, dovetailing incidents and interlacing the threads in such a manner that the narrative might have run along, if not altogether smoothly, at least without a surfeit of interruption. THE EDITOR.

"LORDS AND LOVERS, AND OTHER DRAMAS."*

A NEW poet! Is it not something to say in these days of political alarums and the apotheosis of the commonplace in art and lit-

* **"Lords and Lovers, and Other Dramas." By Olive Tilford Dargan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.**

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erature? Yet, indubitably a poet of charm and power has appeared in the person of Olive Tilford Dargan, a Southern woman whose dramas, "Lords and Lovers," are put forth by Charles Scribner's Sons. Now the obvious thing when a new poet is announced, patterning after Hazlitt, is to take down from the shelf an old and tested one. In the case of Mrs. Dargan I followed this advice not literally, but out of sheer curiosity; when I saw her name I recalled an earlier performance of hers, and promptly found it: "Semiramis, and Other Plays" is its title (Brentano's). Published only two years ago, the territory—emotional, intellectual and technical—that this author has traversed since then is remarkable. I am tempted to add that the three earlier dramas must be the work of a decade ago—one in particular is painfully amateurish; it is called "The Poet," in which Edgar Allan Poe is galvanized into something terrific, unnatural and bombastic. "Carlotta" is better. It is the story of the unhappy wife of Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico. Yet, despite passages of eloquence there is much confusion, formal as well as in the characterization. "Semiramis" is full of excellent material; it is rather operatic, but there is no denying the climacteric force in several scenes. The verse is flowing and felicitous. Fancy coming upon an admirable picture like this in the work of an unknown poet!

> "But suddenly
> A missile struck your helmet and dislodged
> The glory of your face before my eyes,
> Your hair ran gold, the shining East looked black
> Behind the star you made upon its breast!"

It is as rich as a rich chord of Marlowe's.

The later volume comprises three dramas: "Lords and Lovers," "The Shepherd," and "The Siege." The first is a play in two parts, the scenes laid in England at the time of Henry III. Mrs. Dargan has woven a romantic double drama and in the terms of the theatre. It is dangerous to predicate the acting qualities of a book play, of a so-called "closet drama"; yet, aside from too many copious speeches the action is swift, incident is linked to incident with an unfailing sense of the technical necessities, while the curve described in both pieces is logical in characterization, orderly in development. Too often the elaborate stateliness of the

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diction detracts the attention from the flight of the tale; but it is a tale and it is well told, a rare quality in any writer. With all her command of assonance, her fluidity of phrase, the author has a concern for structure as well as style.

Regarding the genesis of this particular play—indeed, of the key-note to all her plays—it is in her favor when we say that Mrs. Dargan must have saturated her imagination in Elizabethan literature; above all, have swum in the larger seas of Shakespeare. She sounds, though faintly, the same order of music. So well has she assimilated the diction of this period that it has become second nature for her to prodigally shower upon her pages its images. And an image-maker, above all else, is this poet. Her vocabulary is varied, glowing, expressive; she moves freely within the gyves of blank verse. Her rhythms have a graceful motion; they never descend to sluggish grandiloquence, nor can her lines be mistaken for prose in mechanical metric arrangement. It is good blank verse, good because, in idea and execution, it is poetic. Mr. Bernard Shaw once wrote an amusing play in blank verse to show how easy the form could be handled. He succeeded, without being a poet. It is the fatal easiness of it all for facile talent that has made the form a thing to be shunned. Yet here is Mrs. Dargan speaking it as her mother tongue and winning our ears by the supple, picturesque and finely fibred music she extorts from her instrument.

There are rough spots and windy spaces scattered through her pages; several of her characters are intolerable rhetoricians. However, the average maintained is a high one; the verse is well knit without displaying metallic precision, the enjambement neat, the flow always in modulation, though there is at times undue syllabic stress. Nor is it necessary to cry aloud the sex of the writer; she has a sense of dynamics that is almost masculine, coupled with dramatic imagination, the evocative power, the exposing in natural sequence the souls of her characters. When we credit a poet with imagination, with the gift of musical speech and the faculty of projecting upon the dramatic canvas the images of men and women and their loves, hates and sorrows, we are putting praise at a high notch. Add to these a literary quality and one may fairly claim the title of a new poet. Mrs. Dargan is a poet; not a great one, because not original, though she is decidedly individual. And, unfortunately, she has

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a weakness for "happy endings" which betrays the feminine rift in her lute.

Her characters speak Shakespeare; and excellent Shakespeare it is. Modelled in the grand Elizabethan mould, the men have the right virile ring, the women are either monsters like the Macbethian Eleanor or the Perdita-like Glaia. This Glaia is an exquisite creation. The ward of the Earl of Kent, she is loved by the ardent, youthful Henry III of England. The love scenes are fresh and stirring. Henry is here a poet of ecstasy. Hear how he challenges a mighty poet:

"Hark! Now the lark has met the clouds,
And raises his sheer melodious flood;
The green earth casts her mystic shrouds
To meet the flaming god!"

Mrs. Dargan is first a lyric poet; her lyricism suffuses her every page. She can pen a rattling catch like this—and the kinship of the lines is really a matter of congratulation rather than of critical condemnation:

"When Hobnail's store is ripe for raids,
And grapes go to the pressing,
And apple cheeks are like a maid's
When Jacks would be a-kissing."

The theme being "Ho, Autumn-time, O, Autumn-time." Or take this quatrain in "The Siege" with its delicious Herrick-like strains:

"Her voice is like the birds that wive
When blossoms swing in April trees,
And from her bosom's honey hive
Sighs come and go like bees."

There is hardly a page of the volume from which some mellow conceit, some melodic jewel, informed with the crossed-fires of a singularly opulent imagination, cannot be culled. Her prose as spoken by the minor personages is as it should be, though the wit is too suggestive of a phase of humor happily long extinct. In "The Siege" Mrs. Dargan transports us to the Sicily of Dionysius the tyrant of Syracuse. The architectonic of this five-act drama is mediocre. Vivid, tropical, though banal in its ending, it is a play that could never be put before the footlights. Aristocles, the protagonist, does not win our sympathies, for he deluges us with talk, gorgeous talk, but only too superfluous.

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The tyrant is the best-drawn character; the women are rather colorless. The entire play is as brilliantly violent as Webster or Cyril Tourneur.

"The Shepherd" is the one prose drama in the book. Here again is the poet's versatility exhibited. She knows Russia, modern Russia, as well as she divined the No Man's Land of poetic England, Italy and Assyria. The play is moving, a story of nihilism, mad love, and the extravagant love of humanity, the ingredients, in a word, that are to be found in the romantic, unhappy Russia of the social revolution. There is a Robert Browning atmosphere, not in diction, nor yet in form; the quality of robust optimism and wholesome revolt—the young violinist Vasil has a touch of Sordello idealism in him—are of Browning. Mrs. Dargan has read the English poet without making any mocking-bird attempts to recapture his rapture. She is mistress of her own moods, and they are authentic ones. And may one venture to ask why, with her command of the apparatus of drama, she does not give us a viable modern play—not necessarily of the problem type, as if all good drama did not enshrine a problem! —and be satisfied with her conquests in the domain of the distinguished dead? This question is an ungrateful one, after a poet has proved that she possesses both voice and vision. But lyrical and blank verse exercises in the Elizabethan dramatic form are not the pabulum of our times. Mrs. Dargan can, if she will, write a drama of contemporaneous interest. It need be neither as pessimistic as Ibsen, nor as symbolic as Maeterlinck. She has the poet's greatest gift with his music, human sympathy, and that she can touch with delicacy and force modern themes is demonstrated by "The Shepherd." There she rises to a generous indignation that promises well for the future.

Among the late comers to our Parnassus we have William Vaughn Moody, poet and mystic, and like all true mystics, a realist in the conduct of quotidian life. He has actually written a popular play, "The Great Divide," he the Fire-Bringer! And there is that youthful prodigy, George Sylvester Viereck, the bilingual German-American poet, whose imaginative verse is shot through with the splendors of Heine, Swinburne and Keats; and to these names we must now add that of Olive Tilford Dargan, veritably a new poet.

JAMES HUNEKER.

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"LESLIE STEPHEN."*

LESLIE STEPHEN—at this hour we may omit the "Sir," which never seemed to him "appropriate to the literary gent"—has been fortunate in his biographer. Mr. Maitland has constructed an unconventional but singularly adequate account of an unconventional literary career. As a modest legal and historical writer, rather than a professed man of letters, he has a freedom from the cant of the bellettristic shop that would have delighted Stephen's heart; yet he is as sensitive as clear-headed. Stephen inspired in all who knew him, even in those who knew him but by way of correspondence, something warmer than friendship. Clearly, Mr. Maitland has been no exception. Yet his judgment is never cajoled by affection. His attitude is consistently that of the thoroughly sympathetic but humorous friend. Thanks to this attitude, and with the aid of a wealth of letters and other documents which give the book a racy flavor of autobiography, he has drawn a lively portrait of a cheerful, melancholy, lovable man. He has, moreover, with that lack of heed to the conventions of the literary mill hinted at above, made nearly all of those observations, allusions and deductions that the periodical critic considers to be peculiarly his affair. It only remains, therefore, to retell briefly the story of that admirable and effective life, with such essays toward interpretation as a long liking for the man and his books may suggest.

Leslie Stephen was born in 1832. His ancestry was Scotch, showing for generations back a "certain greediness for work," especially in the form of literary composition. His father, Sir James Stephen, for many years Under-Secretary for the Colonies, was, in his son's phrase, a "living categorical imperative." In Leslie Stephen as a child his mother noted something of "the Wild Duck"—a disposition for a "nervous naughtiness." He was, it seems, dangerously delicate; and early in his boyhood poetry, for which he had a passion, was forbidden him as too exciting. He soon found, however, that he could get a very passable excitement from prose. Long before he went up to the University, he had conceived his lifelong delight in Boswell's "Johnson," which he read "from cover to cover, backward and forward, over and over, through and through."

* "The Life and Letters of Leslie Stephen." By Frederic William Maitland. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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In 1850, Stephen matriculated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Here, as student and don, he tarried for fourteen years, a brilliant exponent of "muscular Christianity." The delicate boy had become the "lean long-walker" of Meredith's phrase. He was a successful coach of the college eight, and he did the "two miles" in 10.54, running in trousers on grass. In those days, it was said, "his regard for appearances varied inversely as his velocity"; he was wont to shatter the academic proprieties by discarding his shirt, when it "worked up." He was, withal, a wholesome and human teacher, though another side of his idiosyncrasy is evident when we find him, in a letter to an undergraduate, referring to the head of his college as "Old Stick-in-the-mud." In 1855, he made his first ascent in the Alps, which were to be for forty years his "playground and cathedral," and in writing of his joy in the subjugation of untrod Alpine peaks he first came to feel at ease with a pen. Early in the sixties, the rationalizing influences in the intellectual air sowed this seed in his fearless and analytical mind, and, as he said, he "ceased to accept the creed of his youth, not so much because he gave up his beliefs as because he found he had never really held them."

With 1863, we come to a phase in Stephen's life which must always possess a peculiar interest for American readers. He was one of the few Englishmen of the upper or academic class who held with the North in the war for the integrity of the Union, and his partisanship was vehement. In the summer of that year he came to America, to see with his own eyes as much as he might of the travailling country. Here he met many of the men who were best worth meeting, and his letters home are full of happy characterizations.

Of Lowell he said: "He is one of the very pleasantest men I ever met. He asked me to stay over Sunday with him, and we got so very thick together that I did not leave him until this morning, after two most pleasant days." Holmes he found "a very jolly, chirpy little man," and Longfellow "a pleasant, white-bearded, benevolent-looking man of very quiet manners, who talked agreeably but not poetically, with a want of the readiness which appears to be characteristic of the literary gent in these parts." Emerson was "so kind and benevolent, and talked so much like a virtuous old saint, that we could not help liking him." In Cambridge, too, began that friendship with Mr. Nor-

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ton which Stephen was to count as one of the chief treasures of his life. From Boston he journeyed to New York, where he was chiefly impressed by "marble floors and rosewood staircases," thence to Chicago, where "their manners are those of bagmen and their customs are spitting"—this was in 1863. In due course he reached Washington, where he saw Lincoln, towards whom he "felt very kindly," though Seward "provoked" him. Finally he went to the seat of war in Virginia. There he met General Meade, "a remarkably thin, cadaverous-looking cove," and saw some skirmishing. The result of this peregrination was the celebrated pamphlet on "The Times and the War."

In the mean time, his scruples in the matter of religion had forced him to resign his tutorship at Cambridge and turn for support to journalism. His editorial and "middle" articles in the "Saturday Review" and the "Pall Mall Gazette," with their peculiar pith and "bite," soon gave him a standing as one of the most telling journalists of his time. In 1871, he became editor of the "Cornhill," Thackeray's old magazine, and, having now a suitable medium, pretty definitely forsook politics for literature, and began the long series of biographies and literary studies which were collected as "Hours in a Library" and "Studies of a Biographer."

For all his multifarious journalism, wide-ranging pedestrianism, mountaineering, and engrossing domestic joys and sorrows, he found time to build two sound and scholarly books, "The History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century" and "The English Utilitarians." He wrote for the "English Men of Letters Series" four of the best short biographies in the language. And, finally, in his conduct of the "Dictionary of National Biography," he achieved a *magnum opus* of the first water.

Alongside of the tale of the labors and honors of his last years, it is good to find in the slippered ease of his friendly correspondence with Mr. Norton or Mr. Lowell such engaging characterizations as these of men about whom a vast deal of highfalutin is currently uttered: Hegel—"In many things little better than an ass"; Tennyson—"The queerest old bloke, to speak irreverently, that I ever saw"; Newman—"a curious cuss"; Carlyle—"a really noble old cove, and by far the best specimen of a literary gent we can at present produce"; Hobbes—"a delightful old cuss."

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At seventy, Stephen was still the Stephen who, as Mr. Bryce has said, "never reminded you of any one but himself." We read with gratification of his going to talk pessimism with a sick friend "to cheer him up," or of his shouting Mr. Newbolt's "Admirals All" in Kensington Garden to the surprise of nursery maids. And to the end, though he became totally deaf, he took pleasure in gossip and mild scandal, for, as a lady said, "he was such a human creature." After many months of a painful illness, borne with a serenity and humor good to remember, he died on the 22nd of February, 1904.

But perhaps this abstract of his life has dwelt too much upon the humorous, the shirt-discarding side of his idiosyncrasy. Like his friend Lowell, he was a many-facetted man, though perhaps a less bewildering one. "Equable" was the word that those who knew him best thought most expressive of him; to himself he seemed "skinless, over-sensitive and nervously irritable." Yet the solution of the antimony is not difficult to find. So long as he was at work he was happy. His was the victory of character over temperament.

The quality of his work is of a piece with the whole nature of the man. Its surface is of an ironic casuistry that has been known to disturb and baffle downright, Yea-and-Nay persons. But always underneath, whether he is writing an Agnostic's Apology or the Praise of Walking, of a living friend or of some worthy long lapt in lead, abides a sincerity of both heart and mind that gives him among British essayists of the soberer sort a peculiar power over the reader's regard. Macaulay's brilliancy, Arnold's "distinction," Pater's expressiveness, were not his; but the pithy humor, the humane wisdom, the sheer *friendliness* of his essays in literature and morals should give them long life.

Yet, after all, his least corruptible monument amid the dust and drift of the libraries of the future is likely to be the great "Dictionary of National Biography," of which he was the first editor and chief contributor. Anthony à Wood has his immortality no less than Milton, and Stephen will have his no less than his more glorious contemporaries, the Victorian poets. In the literary free-for-all, some fly to the goal; some run; some walk, steadily, observantly; in literature as in life, Leslie Stephen will be remembered as the Great Pedestrian.

FERRIS GREENSLET.

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"MOLIERE: A BIOGRAPHY."*

In judging a work of scholarship, we should first find out exactly what the author set himself to accomplish, and then consider to what extent he has fulfilled his purpose. Mr. H. C. Chatfield-Taylor, in the preface to his recent biography of Molière, states clearly that his "intention has been to interpret Molière's life by his plays and his plays by his life."

A somewhat overeager pursuit of the second of these purposes has detracted to some extent from the value of Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's work in criticising Molière's productions. Surely a play planned for immediate presentation on the stage is necessarily the most objective of all works of art. Since the thoughts and emotions expressed in the lines must be those of the characters that speak them rather than of the author that composed them, it is dangerous to consider any speech in a play as an embodiment of the dramatist's personal opinion. Furthermore, a playwright who is also an actor and a manager is necessarily so occupied with his primary purpose to devise scenes and characters that shall please the public, and with his secondary purpose to fit his actors with parts that shall permit them to exhibit their histrionic aptitudes, that he has little opportunity in his work for the outpouring of personal emotion. And yet Mr. Chatfield-Taylor would have us believe that Molière, in his successive comedies, has laid bare the inner secrets of his life.

Especially in criticising the plays that deal with jealousy and marital misfortune, Mr. Chatfield-Taylor overstrains his attempt to make Molière his own biographer. The dramatist, at the age of forty, married a girl of twenty or thereabouts—the flighty and coquettish Armande Béjart, the younger sister (his enemies said the daughter) of his former mistress and constant companion, Madeleine Béjart. We know that Armande was a faithless wife, and that the thorough understanding of the passion of jealousy which the poet evinces in his plays was derived from personal experience. But we know also that Molière was by nature reticent. He had very few intimate friends; and even to these (unless we accept all of the anecdotes of the garrulous Grimarest) we have reason to believe that he seldom unbosomed him-

* "Molière: A Biography." By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. With an introduction by Thomas Frederick Crane. Illustrations by J. O. B. New York: Duffield & Company.

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self. Yet Mr. Chatfield-Taylor maintains that, in several of the plays that Molière acted with his wife, he recited before assembled Paris his own jealous fears and personal heart-pangs. But it is hardly common-sensible to believe that in "*L'Ecole des Maris*" and "*L'Ecole des Femmes,*" produced immediately before and immediately after the conclusion of a courtship necessarily delicate, Molière should have exposed to the general public his private views on the subject of young wives. Still less is it possible to accept the suggestion that in "*Le Misanthrope*" Molière has satirized his wife as Célimène and himself as Alceste. Mme. Molière created the rôle of Célimène; and since, at the time, Molière was on bad terms with his wife, it is hard to believe that he could have forced her to appear publicly in a part that made fun of his own relations with her. 'Tis to consider too curiously to consider so. A further pursuance of the same thesis would seem to prove Molière a miser, merely because he wrote and acted the part of Harpagon. If "*Le Misanthrope*" were merely a chapter of autobiography, it would not be acclaimed, as many competent critics acclaim it, the greatest comedy the world has even seen. It is more than that. It is an embodiment of the eternal struggle between individual truth and social lie.

Again, in dealing with the dramatist's attacks upon the doctors of his time, Mr. Chatfield-Taylor strikes the personal note and suggests that Molière's antipathy to the physicians was due partly to their failure to cure him of his own persistent malady. But "*Le Médecin Malgré Lui*" and "*Le Malade Imaginaire*" are much more than ventings of the personal spite of a hypochondriac; they are a phase of the poet's ceaseless warfare in behalf of honesty against imposture.

Mr. Chatfield-Taylor suggestively divides the poet's career into five successive periods, which he denominates Italian, Gallic, time-serving, militant and histrionic. But it is impossible strictly to impose this division upon the chronology of Molière's productions. His tendency was always, after creating a masterpiece in a new genre, to recur to the method of one of his earlier efforts. "*Les Fourberies de Scapin,*" produced late in his career, is just as Italian as "*L'Etourdi*" or "*Le Cocu Imaginaire*"; and his very latest plays, "*Les Femmes Savantes*" and "*Le Malade Imaginaire,*" are just as militant as "*Le Tartuffe.*"

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In interpreting Molière's life by his plays, Mr. Chatfield-Taylor is more successful. Somehow his biography gives a very lifelike presentation of Molière the man. The pupil of Scaramouche was something more than *le prince des facétieux, et le facétieu des princes;* he was the type of honest man that Diogenes sought vainly. And it is good to find a book that sets a great man living before the general reader.

It is for the general reader that this biography is intended. It is, therefore, not derogatory to state that to the special student it presents no material that was not already known, nor even a masterful arrangement of the material which earlier scholars had unearthed. If the words "*amateur*" and "*dilettante*" had not been debased by vulgar usage, they might justly be applied to this biography. It is the work of a man in love with his subject and delighted with his labor. And much of this love and this delight are communicated to the reader. The book is beautifully dressed by the publishers, and is picturesquely illustrated by M. Jacques Onfroy de Bréville. Professor Crane, of Cornell University, contributes a graceful introduction. The book is more readable than most biographies; and therefore, in a deep sense, is of value.

CLAYTON HAMILTON.

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WORLD-POLITICS.

LONDON: ST. PETERSBURG.

LONDON, *December, 1906.*

ENGLAND has shown an unwonted interest in the appointment of Sir Mortimer Durand's successor. The matter has been discussed perhaps more frankly than judiciously; but, at any rate, with a palpable desire to secure the best man, and the best man only, for the office. It is unusual, if not unprecedented, to find the leading London journals on a question of this kind attempting to influence the decision of the Foreign Office. The selection of an Ambassador to this capital or to that is a matter that is normally, I think I may say invariably, left for the authorities to settle in their own way. The press has never to my knowledge presumed to interfere with an expression of its views for or against any particular candidate. If the British Embassy at Paris fell vacant to-morrow, there would be, of course, a certain amount of speculation in the clubs and the lobbies of the House, and among diplomatists and their friends, as to who its next occupant would be. But neither the public nor the press would take any part in the discussion. There would be no canvassing of this or that man's availability, no attempt, not even a spasmodic one, to force the Government's hand, no genuine popular concern in the subject at all. Officialdom, after turning the situation over in undistracted quietude, would simply announce its decision, and its decision would be ratified as a matter of course by a full editorial chorus.

That there should have been, in this instance of the Washington Embassy, so complete a departure from precedent is a phenomenon of more than a little significance. It argues, for one thing, a consciousness among English people that the Washing-

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ton Embassy is not as other Embassies, and that the special ties which unite England and America ought to find an adequate expression in the British representative at the American capital. But there is more in it than that. No one can have read the articles on the subject that have appeared in the London press without detecting an undertone of anxiety. There seems, first of all, to be a very general opinion that the ordinary type of professional diplomat, trained and possibly imbedded in European traditions, is precisely the type that is least needed at Washington. Sir Edward Grey has been importuned to look outside the ranks of the regular service for the man to fill what Sir Mortimer Durand has rightly called "the most important diplomatic post in the world." There is precedent for such action—Lord Pauncefote, for instance, was a Foreign Office official when he was translated to Washington; but, naturally, it is a proceeding that is not relished by the regular service and one that a Foreign Secretary will only countenance when he is very sure of his ground. It may have been with some idea of assuring Sir Edward Grey that public opinion would support him that the London journals have, all but unanimously, urged the appointment of the best man, irrespective of whether he is a conventional diplomatist or not. As they have stated the case, the type of man who ought to represent England in the United States is the type of man who represents the United States in England —the broad-gauged, accomplished, many-sided man whose interests stretch far beyond protocols and despatches, who will make himself at home anywhere, who will rely more upon his personality than upon his office, and who will regard himself rather as an Ambassador to the American people than to the American Government. England's problem, in short, as one journal has put it, is to find a Whitelaw Reid.

Secondly, the feeling seems to obtain that the British Embassy at Washington has lost something of its former prestige, that Anglo-American relations have in consequence become slightly overcast and that the unparalleled predominance of Mr. Roosevelt over the thought and politics of America makes it essential that the British representative should, at any cost, be a man who is likely to prove congenial to the Rooseveltian temperament. Some of the London journals have harped on this string a little excessively. To read them, one might think that

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Anglo-American good-will is in jeopardy because Baron von Sternberg rides with the President and M. Jusserand plays tennis with him. Americans, I conceive, must have been divided between laughter and irritation by the insistence of certain London journals upon these trivialities. But, unquestionably, in the minds of those Englishmen—now happily a growing number—who follow American affairs with keenness and knowledge, there is an uneasy suspicion that the intimacy which exists not only between the President and Baron von Sternberg, but between the President and the Kaiser, if it has not the positive effect of doing much to promote German interests, has the negative one of ousting Great Britain from the first place in American consideration and relegating her somewhat to the background. And I am bound to add that Englishmen to whom this suspicion is a reality have found a good deal to confirm it in Mr. Root's handling of the Newfoundland difficulty and in the dogmatic and almost minatory tone of his argument. The great bulk of Englishmen take all too little interest in Anglo-American questions, not because they are indifferent to anything that threatens even for a moment to ruffle the relations between the two countries, but because they assume beforehand — too confidently, in my judgment—that a friendly issue is a foregone conclusion, and that no Anglo-American question can ever again be really serious. Those who know America best do not share this complacency. To them Mr. Root's brusqueness seemed more than merely disagreeable, it seemed ominous. Its adoption emphasized, at any rate, the necessity of England's being represented at Washington by a man of peculiar parts and competency.

While I am on the general subject of Anglo-American relations, let me add that Great Britain, as the ally of one Power and the close friend of the other, is watching with keen solicitude every development in the unhappy dispute between the United States and Japan. Opinion here, while treating the difficulty over the schools as little or nothing in itself, regards it as the opening gun in a campaign against the unrestricted immigration of Japanese skilled and coolie labor, and as such fraught with disquieting consequences. Englishmen endorse every word of the President's eulogy on the character and achievements of the Japanese people; but they perfectly understand why California should have rejected with such vehemence his appeal to Congress

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for an Act to allow them to become American citizens. The whole incident is looked upon over here as by far the most important event in the foreign affairs of the United States since the Spanish war, and there is no attempt to minimize its gravity. The growth of anti-Japanese feeling throughout the United States since the Portsmouth Conference has been watched in England already with a good deal of concern. It is diagnosed as the product partly of a commercial rivalry that can only intensify with the years and partly of a suspicion in the back of the American mind that Japan, after benefiting enormously by the moral and financial support of America during the war, has since shown a remarkably short memory for the services rendered her. And now that this sentiment has been reinforced by an explosion of the long-smouldering antagonism of California against Japanese immigrants, Englishmen begin to fear lest matters may be nearing a crisis. Rightly or wrongly, they suspect that if such an agitation as led to the passage of the Chinese Exclusion Laws were to be engineered against the Japanese, it would find much in the present conditions of America to feed upon; and being stimulated by the new interest that is now being taken in the immigration problem as a whole, by the determination, never apparently sharper than to-day, that the United States must as far as possible be preserved as a white man's country, and by the rise of an American Labor party hostile to yellow competition in any form, it might end by sweeping all before it. That is a contingency Englishmen cannot from any standpoint contemplate without dismay. And they have two other reasons for being interested in the progress and upshot of the trouble. One is that California's position in the matter, relative to the United States as a whole, curiously resembles that of Newfoundland in the fisheries question, relative to the British Empire as a whole. The other is that both Australia and British Columbia are following every step in the agitation against the Japanese with an enthusiastic approval they make no pretence of hiding. It is America's turn to-day to deal with the problem of Japanese immigration; it may be Great Britain's to-morrow. By to-morrow, in this connection, I mean, of course, the date, still nine years distant, when the Anglo-Japanese Alliance comes up for renewal.

I have left myself little space in which to touch on home affairs. The Government, on the whole, has no reason to be dis-

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satisfied with the results of its first year in office. It has passed more than forty bills into law; it has worked with an enthusiasm and energy almost if not quite without precedent in British annals; it has driven the Parliamentary machine with such force as to leave it trembling; and its exertions have immensely widened the scope of social and industrial democracy. If in the administration of Colonial affairs it has not been always happy, its foreign policy has been admirably firm without provocation and conciliatory without weakness. Mr. Chamberlain's illness, by providing Mr. Balfour with an unlooked-for opportunity, of which in his quiet and skilful way he is making the fullest use, to wean his party from food taxes, has demoralized the Opposition in the House of Commons; and the Government, as it looks back on its year's work, may fairly claim to have established a record for energetic and practical usefulness.

ST. PETERSBURG, *December, 1906.*

RIP VAN WINKLE was not more surprised on his return home from his twenty years' sleep than a well-informed Russian would be who, having fallen into a slumber thirteen months ago, should suddenly awake to-day and take stock of the changes effected during his sojourn in the realm of dreams. Certainly more numerous and more stirring events were crowded in that short span of time than in the thirty years that preceded it. Armed insurrections, general and partial strikes, military and naval revolts, the follies of backsliding noblemen, murderous peasants, disaffected officials and provisional governments, in places hardly marked on the average map, were among the characteristics of the first year of the Russian Revolution. A twelvemonth ago the very existence of the Empire, the fate of the dynasty, the survival of the social system were all at stake. A complex of potent solvents appeared to be rapidly undermining the whole political and social fabric, and, sooth to say, nobody seemed very anxious to save them. For the fatalism of the Slav got the better of his other qualities, and what he took in hand he botched utterly, including the revolutionary movement. Whatever object he set himself to attain was thwarted by himself, the monarchists playing into the hands of the revolutionists, and the anarchists doing the work of reactionaries. Verily it was a mad world!

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The year is now coming to an end, passions are no longer white hot, disenchantment has taken the place of enthusiasm and people are comparing notes, casting up accounts and making provisional estimates for the coming year.

The insurrection may now be said to be at an end. It was a movement confined to the surface of the nation; the depths were not stirred, the masses of the people were not carried away. The peasants, who number between eighty and ninety millions, are not attuned to a revolutionary mood; there is probably no more conservative element in the Empire than they. But they are open to suggestion from every side. Ignorant to a superlative degree, they are easily led away from the path of legality. From time immemorial one of the fundamental dogmas of their simple faith has been that all the land belongs to them of right, but that part of it was at some remote period lent to the members of the nobility for a time, and that, the term having now lapsed, the Tsar is desirous of taking back the land from the gentry and restoring it to the lawful owners. But his intention is being thwarted. The marplots are the officials who keep spinning webs of untruth around the Tsar, and thwarting all his generous schemes for the prosperity of his people. Such, in brief, is the simple canvas on which all the grotesque and complex scenes of the past ten months have been embroidered. Agitators from cities and towns assured the credulous rustics that the Emperor had issued a ukase depriving the nobility of their estates and empowering the peasants to take them by force. And their primitive endeavors to accomplish this task form the essence of the agrarian disorders which were supposed to mark the beginning of an unparalleled upheaval. The arrival of professional revolutionists, anarchists and Social Democrats among them imparted political color to the movement, which it lacked. Land is all the peasant wants, more land for nothing, if possible, but at all costs more land.

The Government, which misinterpreted the significance of the disorders in the rural districts as completely as did the revolutionists, finally discerned its mistake. Too terrified at first to take measures calculated to ward off the apparent disaster, it has since done as much for the peasantry as remedial legislation can effect. Last month I ventured to foreshadow a most important series of laws, the object of which would be to strike off

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the remaining fetters from the peasant and render him wholly free. I wrote, "By the time this article is in the hands of the readers of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW a series of remedial measures will have been promulgated by which the Premier hopes to score a victory and restore permanent peace to his country." On November 24th that set of reforms was officially published, and at this moment all Russia is discussing its merits. On one point all parties would appear to be agreed: the ukase embodying the new statutes will effect a revolution. The village commune, in which many idealists once perceived a peculiarly Russian institution of the highest economic and social value to the State, is henceforth to be a voluntary association, each member of which may leave it whenever he wishes, becoming the sole and full proprietor of his farm. The chief objection of the radicals to the measure is that, although it changes the destinies of over eighty million Russians irrevocably, it was enacted without the assent of the people's representatives. Technically, however, the Premier was right in promulgating the new law, because in form it is but the interpretation of an old one. But, in reality, it is a revolution from above, which among other consequences takes the wind out of the sails of the radical parties whose leverage in the country is being rapidly narrowed.

In this manner M. Stolypin has undoubtedly scored a success, which will sooner or later manifest itself in the shape of a solid breakwater against which the revolutionary wave may dash itself to spray. Yet that agrarian law is only one of the Government schemes, of which some are to be realized before the Duma meets, while others are to be laid before the nation's representatives. Of the former category, by far the most important and most hotly contested bill contains a number of clauses abolishing the restrictive measures still in force against the Jews. It was high time, foreign critics remark. And yet it required a considerable degree of courage in any Russian Minister to tackle such a thorny question as this without first securing the support of the nation's spokesmen. But, on the other hand, it needs a still higher degree of courage to ignore the matter wholly, and to withstand the enormous pressure brought to bear upon the Tsar's advisers by Jewish capitalists, Liberal journalists and enlightened men of letters throughout the globe. For Russia needs and will long continue to need money from abroad, and the Jews have made it

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known to the last three Russian Ministers of Finance that unless a decisive step is taken in the direction of enfranchisement, there will be no foreign loans, no friendly appreciation of the Government's acts in the foreign press. And it is further clear from other symptoms that there will not be any peace from the Jewish population at home.

The statutes at present in force which regulate the unenviable position of the Jews are antiquated, obsolete and unjust. Dating from various epochs, they reflect conflicting moods, mark noteworthy fluctuations, and in many cases eliminate each other. But, besides the statute laws, there is a set of orders and provisional measures which are devoid of the essential characteristics of laws, having been issued without the previous knowledge and assent of the Council of the Empire. These are most irksome and galling. Thirdly, there are the "authoritative interpretations" of all these laws and by-laws; and these may be truly said to constitute the acme of personal caprice, the ideal of petty persecution. It would, doubtless, be a gross exaggeration to affirm that during the past twenty-five years the Russian Government set itself to devise a series of restrictive and in some cases intolerable measures from which the Jews have no legal means of escape. Yet that is one of the direct and salient consequences of the action and inaction of the Tsar's successive advisers. To-day there are as many prescriptions and orders respecting the Hebrew subjects of Nicholas II in the Russian Code as there are in the Books of Leviticus and Deuteronomy. And some of them are equally minute. But they are mostly honored in the breach. Connivance at their violation is one of the never-failing sources of the extra income of the police, and the anti-Jewish penal laws are one of the many fountains of corruption which have turned the Empire into an Augean stable. And the time for cleansing it has come.

Hitherto, every Minister, every Government, every adviser of the Tsar recoiled shudderingly from the responsibility involved in remedial legislation. In theory, they would go to any length. The custom of the more liberal-minded dignitaries, therefore, was to pose as friends of the Jews, to proclaim their firm belief in the necessity of removing all the disabilities without exception from which the Hebrew population suffered, but to add that this was an act which no individual would or could take upon himself.

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The repeal of the anti-Jewish laws must be voted by the people's representatives in the Duma. That line might have been followed by the present Cabinet had it not been for the strong representations made by foreign Jews and foreign Governments, to the effect that, if the Government be as completely master of the situation as its agents affirm, it can readily strike off many of the disabilities which at present handicap the Jews. The upshot is M. Kokovtseff's project, which would entitle a great number of the persecuted people to circulate freely throughout the Empire. For instance, all those who have freely served as soldiers in the army would enjoy that right, which would also be conferred upon persons who had passed through certain intermediate educational establishments or who had learned trades and crafts. Moreover, the only limitation of the rights thus bestowed would consist in the prohibition to own land anywhere outside the Pale of Settlement. But all the limitations which diminish the rights now enjoyed by Jews who are enfranchised—such, for instance, as the prohibition to reside in certain military and other specially guarded districts—would disappear.

This measure seems moderate, reasonable, timely. Indeed, most people will characterize it as too moderate. But many of those who know the temper of the Russian people are of opinion that the measure ought to have been either adopted earlier or postponed until the Duma meets. For it is too inadequate to satisfy the Jews, and too liberal to please the bulk of the Christians. The truth is that, if once the Jewish problem is seriously discussed, the only remedy which any dispassionate politician can propose as adequate is complete enfranchisement. That and that only would be logical, just, definitive. Yet it would be perilous to promulgate it without the support of a strong Duma. The present Cabinet hints through its semiofficial organ, the "*Rossia,*" that the coming Duma will have it in its power to pass such a law if it wishes.

Meanwhile all Russia is in a ferment. The bare thought that the Jews will soon be free to settle in the Empire wheresoever they list is gall and wormwood to millions of Russians; to the peasants who hate the Jews on religious or economic grounds or simply because they have been deliberately prejudiced against them, and to the monarchist party in the press, in the universities, at the bar, in the army and navy, the Church, and among

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bureaucrats and literary men, because that political group regards the Jews as disseminators of anti-monarchist doctrines. Philippics have been delivered against the bill in various towns and cities; conditional excommunications have been fulminated against the Government should it carry the measure, petitions have been forwarded by telegraph and by post to the Emperor beseeching him to hold his hand, and to refuse to give the Jews "the means of destroying the Russian Empire and founding a Jewish State on its ruins." The Government organ replied in a vehement article which provoked the wrath of M. Gringmuth, one of the leaders of the reactionaries, who attacked it as the work of a Jewish pen in the employment of Count Witté. As a matter of universal belief it was written by the Premier himself. The piquancy of the situation lies in the work of mine and countermine which is carried on by influential personages, all of whom are supposed to be cooperating with each other, whereas one-half of them are secretly sapping the foundations of the structures raised by the other half. It can hardly be termed a secret that the heads of the Court Party are bitterly opposed to Stolypin's bill. That may be wisdom on their part, or folly; there is something to be said on both sides. But, unfortunately, the opinion unfavorable to the measure is not uttered to the official responsible for bringing it in, but to third parties whose cue is to assail him. If obstacles were openly thrown in M. Stolypin's way by the Court Party, he would probably tender his resignation, a contingency which fills them with dread. In lieu of frank remonstrances, therefore, they have recourse to secret expedients. Always in touch with the reactionary party of the "Genuine Russian People," they let loose the latter against Stolypin and his colleagues. And forthwith an agitation begins in a series of petitions to the Tsar, and bids fair to end in a series of anti-Jewish riots. Already telegrams have been forwarded in large numbers and articles hinting at the massacre of the Hebrews followed. And now the question is, Will M. Stolypin allow himself to be intimidated and give up the intention of relieving the Jews before the Duma meets? If he retreats before the "Genuine Russian People," he will forfeit his prestige throughout the country, even among those who deem the present moment inopportune for a Jewish Relief Bill. And if he carries his point, he will be decried as a traitor who sold his

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fatherland to the Jews; and, possibly, a sequel of sanguinary riots may render the measure memorable in Russian annals.

Everybody is asking, Will the second Duma be better than the first? Will it accept the present Constitution, with its drawbacks, as offering sufficient leverage for helpful legislative work, or will it imitate its predecessor and sacrifice the real for the imaginary? There is not any one in the Tsardom whose acquaintance with the temper of the people is so intimate, and whose authority among Russians is so widely recognized, that he could foretell the result of the elections and have his forecast accepted. Symptoms are numerous and unconvincing. In the provinces, for instance, the Zemstvo elections have ended in the utter defeat of the extreme popular parties and the return of conservatives. On the other hand, the Constitutional Democratic party, by incorporating passive resistance in its programme—passive resistance, too, of a kind which must of necessity culminate in active resistance and bloodshed—has forfeited its right to be treated as a constitutional group, and has been bracketed by the Government with the revolutionists. In a word, many of the signs and tokens of the moment are construed by friends of the Cabinet as pointing to a conservative or moderate Duma, which will accomplish something for the nation.

And yet—it is nearly always the improbable that happens in Russia. Before the first elections took place, the Government was firmly convinced that a majority of conservative deputies would be returned by the peasants. They were so certain of the peasants that there was a majority of the Cabinet in favor of extending the franchise and introducing universal suffrage. But they were mistaken. In the Duma the bulk of the opposition deputies were representatives of the peasantry. That proves that even Russians who have every facility for acquainting themselves with the mood of the population are liable to be utterly wrong in their forecasts. Personally, I am disposed to believe that, even if a large number of seemingly moderate peasants manage to get elected, they may prove so amenable to opposition influences that they will follow the lead of the radicals, call the authority of the Government in question, obstruct legislation, provoke a second dissolution, and bear out the opinion of those who maintain that representative democratic institutions cannot for generations be engrafted upon the Russian people. *Qui vivra verra.*

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THE EDITOR'S DIARY.

THURSDAY, *January 10.* **The President and the Constitution.**

WAS Secretary Root's speech, delivered before the Pennsylvania Society of New York on December 12th, misinterpreted by those who found therein a menace to the preservation of the right of local self-government conferred by the Constitution upon the people of the United States? We learn from authority we cannot question that the Secretary intended to convey, not a threat, but a warning—a warning to each of the individual States comprised in the Union to meet its lawmaking obligations more effectively or face the inevitable consequence of a transference of its authority to the Federal Government. This definition of Mr. Root's intent we readily accept, but we are utterly unable to perceive a distinction in effect. To hold that a warning has no threatening significance, especially if it emanate from those who are able and disposed to carry it into effect, is to rob it of force and meaning altogether. President Roosevelt recently warned the citizens of San Francisco to treat the Japanese more tolerantly, and with characteristic promptitude and irrefragable logic he added that, if they should not do so, they might expect to encounter the armed forces of the Union. True, Mr. Root did not pass so brusquely to the irresistible conclusion—perhaps because it had been rendered unnecessary for him to do so. President Roosevelt had already declared in unmistakable terms:

"We need, through executive action, through legislation and through *judicial interpretation and construction of law, to increase the power of the Federal Government. If we fail thus to increase it, we show our impotence.*"

It was with this firm declaration of the President fresh in mind that we heard what seemed to be the supplementary assertion of the Secretary of State that constructions of the Consti-

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tution would be "found" to effect the predicted "obliteration of State lines." We noted the fact that Mr. Root carefully refrained from saying whether he personally regarded the "tendency" with favor. Upon that point he will do well to enlighten the people at no distant day, if he would remove the impression created by his speech that he shares the expressed views and avowed purposes of the President. The impulsive utterances of the latter at Harrisburg would have been amazing if they had come from the lips of any of his predecessors, but for temperamental reasons they were really of far less serious import than the seeming acquiescence in them of the calmer, better-trained and more reflective judgment of his chief adviser.

That we were not alone in perceiving a direct relationship between the pronouncement of Secretary Root and that of the President, and in treating the two combined as a definitive declaration of the policy of the present administration, is easily established. The "Springfield Republican" pertinently inquired:

"Mr. Roosevelt does not hesitate to call for this great and largely gratuitous measure of centralization following upon his call for national assumption of insurance control. Does he find in the Secretary of State a defender of his political principles and policies to this sweeping extent? Are all State delinquencies and variations in policies and methods of local government to justify substitute national action? If so, what, then, becomes of our great experimental ground in public policy which has been so fortunately provided for the American nation through the existence of self-governing States independent of the national Government and of each other in their own several spheres?"

The "Brooklyn Eagle" said:

"The speech was more than an expression of individual opinion. It was delivered in New York, but it came from Washington. It was not addressed more particularly to the State of California. It served notice upon all of the commonwealths, telling each one what to expect should it become refractory, declaring it to be useless for the advocates of State rights to protest against the extension of national authority, and adding that sooner or later constructions of the Constitution would be found to vest power where it would not go by default—in the national Government. Which is straight from the shoulder."

The "Hartford Courant" said:

"Year after year the consolidating of power at Washington proceeds apace, and we are told from the high places that what we see now is

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only the beginning. Yet it is as true now as when Francis Lieber said it that the fate of civil liberty in this country is bound up with the fate of local self-government."

The "Boston Transcript" said:

"The objection to too much centralization springs not from any selfish consideration, but from grounds of all-around expediency. The Federal Government is a long way off; it is cumbersome and inelastic in its operation; it distributes its favors in a district and State system which is often not closely related to real needs. Wherever the States can do things efficiently and safely they should be allowed the privilege, and the burden of proof ought to rest on those who desire the transfer of anything to Washington. . . . It may perhaps be recalled that all this concentration of authority in Washington might be even more distasteful to a State like Massachusetts, if the time should come that we were out of harmony politically with the party in control there. It is none too soon for the thoughtful senator and member to try to see what he can save for his State government."

The exceptionally well-informed Washington correspondent of the "Providence Journal," *apropos* of the assertion that Secretary Root had fallen into the habit, supposed to have been preempted by the President, of being misunderstood, wrote:

"It is probably well for Secretary Root's political future, to say nothing of his reputation as a public man, that he is able to make this explanation, because there is no doubt about the interest and dissatisfaction among the public men in Washington caused by his published speech, which, even yet, many of them think, commits the Secretary to the principle of increased powers for the Federal Government and the corresponding curtailment of the rights and jurisdiction of the States."

The "Philadelphia Public Ledger" said:

"The President is the most active and forceful exponent of federalism and of the broadening of the scope and powers of the national Government that the country has ever seen, and only a few weeks before Mr. Root delivered his address the President, at the dedication of the Harrisburg Capitol building, made an earnest plea that the courts in their decisions and the legislators in lawmaking should interpret Constitutional questions and make their laws in such a liberal and broad-minded spirit as would unshackle the inconvenient Constitutional chains which now bind and hamper the national power. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that lawyers and laity, wise and simple, should have interpreted the speech delivered by the chief man in the President's cabinet as something of a warning and threat of further action to come."

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These are journals of the highest class, thoughtful and discriminating, but independent. Here are the remarks of two partisan Republican statesmen.

Senator John C. Spooner said:

"It appears to be a most remarkable deliverance, and altogether unprecedented; the suggestions are startling, to say the least."

Senator Joseph B. Foraker said:

"The speech seems to be rather radical in its advocacy and approval of the centralization of power; the expression I read being that in an important sense State lines are to be obliterated. I do not sympathize with that idea. I believe our dual form of government is a most happy one, and that the Constitutional limitations were wisely provided, and that they should be, and will be, upheld. I was glad to notice that Judge Brown, who followed Mr. Root, responding for the judiciary, forcibly reminded his hearers that the judicial department of the Government has power under the Constitution to preserve and uphold it, even to the extent of restraining all violations of its limitations by either of the other departments of government. I think we had better hold on to the Constitution."

Nevertheless, we accept thankfully Mr. Root's statement that it was not his purpose to champion the Hamiltonian doctrine of centralization, and we trust that he will seize upon the first suitable opportunity to define his attitude so precisely as to dissipate all doubts and misapprehension. Our own view conforms with that of the "New York Times," which said:

"The very fact that an able lawyer, trained in accurate thinking and accurate exposition, sitting down on the afternoon previous to the delivery of a speech to jot down what came to his mind on the subject of the tendency of the nation toward centralization, should evolve such a statement as Mr. Root gave to his hearers and readers, is highly significant. It shows that the mind of this lawyer, who is also an experienced statesman, with an unusual record in two departments of the national Government, was surcharged with the impressions he conveyed so simply and forcibly. They had, in the good old Quaker phrase, been 'borne in on him' in the eventful period in which he had been personally engaged in the national administration, and they were confirmed by the reflection which his lawyer's habit impelled him to indulge in."

It was the apparent effect of association and environment upon the calm mind of the foremost administrative statesman, in our judgment, now living that seemed to us so startling as to demand

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full exposition and due reprobation. The real question relates to the responsibility for the "tendency" towards centralization. Upon this point we differ absolutely from the Secretary of State. He endeavors to fix it upon the people. We charge it directly upon the President. From the day Mr. Roosevelt was elected, he has chafed under any form of restraint whatsoever, has gleefully exercised, by indirection, authority forbidden to a President by the Constitution, has encouraged the growth of disrespect for the judiciary by denouncing members thereof for rendering decisions distasteful to him, has deliberately injected into the minds of unthinking people the virus of paternalism and Socialism as represented by a willingness to divide accumulations of wealth and to cure all ills by arbitrary acts, and all too frequently he makes a fresh demand for additional power to indulge in his proverbial indiscretions. Of the growth of this "tendency" there is no doubt. Replying, in March, 1903, to a question relative to the retention in the army of a man accused of murder, he said:

"In this matter, even if this man is a murderer, I am helpless. *I have absolutely no power to dismiss anybody from the army in time of peace.*"

And yet, in October, 1906, he does not hesitate to discharge with dishonor an entire battalion, of whose members it is admitted a large proportion were wholly innocent; simultaneously, he asks from Congress legislation that would transfer to himself all functions of courts martial, and announces to the newspaper correspondents that, in the event of the passage over his veto of a bill ordering the restoration of the dismissed men, he would refuse to obey it, and that, as one trustworthy correspondent wrote, he "would not be deterred even by threat of impeachment proceedings" from defying the law of the land as defined by the Constitution. In view of the conflict of jurisdiction developed in the New Orleans lynching cases, President Harrison suggested that Congress might "make offences against the treaty rights of foreigners cognizable in the Federal courts"; President Roosevelt demanded that the statutes "be so amended and added to as to enable the President"—without regard to determination of rights or any judicial consideration whatever—arbitrarily "to enforce the rights of aliens under treaties." The one proposal

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was that of a respecter of fundamental law and a seeker of justice by judicial methods; the other was, as the "New York Times" well said, "hasty, ill-considered, unfortunate" and teeming with possibilities of "impeachable offences."

The following statement was issued from the White House on December 19th, when the President received a committee representing the Child Labor Society:

"A member of the delegation remarked that undue centralization is to be reprehended, that whatever *can safely be left to the States* should be left to them, but that where the interests of the nation require action on the part of the Federal authorities such action should not be withheld on grounds of mere abstract theory. To this statement the President cordially assented."

Herein lies the crux of the whole matter. It does not seem to have occurred to the President that such powers as are now vested in the Federal Government were held originally by the States and were surrendered voluntarily by them for a definite purpose; and that all others were specifically retained. In the phrase "whatever can safely be left" to them, we find a plain implication of purpose, not to ask that additional authority be delegated, after the manner provided by the Constitution, but to take it virtually by force. This is very far from being mere disregard of "abstract theory"; it is in flat violation of a solemn compact, frankly derisive of the binding force of contractual obligations, and is based upon the false and dangerous assumption that it is the Nation, and not the States, that possesses the right to give or take away.

We have seen no definite announcement as to who is to be the judge of the time and conditions requiring Federal interference with State functions, but we feel safe in assuming that the President will not ask that such determination be left to either Congress or the Supreme Court. A more concise statement of his real view, we firmly believe, could be found in his despatch to Secretary Taft, dated September 28th, and reading as follows:

"*I do not care in the least for the fact that such an agreement is unconstitutional.*"

The Constitution thus spat upon was not that of the United States, but of Cuba—an instrument which our Government had participated in framing, had expressly approved and by plain

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implication promised to sustain. The assertion, therefore, was not treasonable, but it does clearly indicate a frame of mind which spurns restraint, despises law and is dominated by despotic instinct; incidentally, moreover, it was the most gratuitous and insulting utterance respecting a friendly neighbor and helpless ward that ever emanated from the lips of an American President.

FRIDAY, *January 11.*

Of Woman's Right to Enhance Nature's Charms.

WE have never been able to understand why any one should wish to be younger or older than he or she really is. Vanity, of course, must be reckoned with as a potent force among human frailties, and is responsible, doubtless, for much of woman's resentment at the ravages of passing years. But it is not the flight of time, nor even the contemplation of a steady approach to the limit of human existence, that offends her instinct; neither of these considerations really enters her mind. It is the change in physical appearance inseparable from growing old that sinks into her heart with every glance at a mirror and makes her sad; angry, too, with God for not imposing the same penalties upon aging men. She would not express the feeling in those words; if so bluntly put, she might affrightedly deny its existence; but pressed for an answer, if truthful, as most women are in such matters, while dodging the fixing of responsibility for this seeming discrimination against her sex, she will insist invariably upon the unfairness of the arrangement whereby a process that adds to man's physical distinction detracts from woman's charm.

For ourselves, we make it a point seldom to criticise publicly the methods of the Creator in shaping the destinies of the human race; but in this instance we frankly concede the apparent justice of woman's instinctive attitude. Happily, however, we seem to perceive in the wearing away of men's prejudices signs of mitigation of the inequity. Time was, not so long ago, when, holding the fixed opinions of youth, we sternly reprehended such innocent practices as changing the color of one's hair, or brightening the complexion on occasion, or even dieting seriously for the figure's sake. Not so, now! The most casual consideration growing out of philosophical observation has not merely modified our views, but has virtually changed them altogether. It may

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still be, as once we confidently asserted and now often hear from others like foolish, that there is nothing so beautiful as a young face in a frame of silver gray; but when the possessor of those incongruous features happens to be the wife of a man most often taken to be her son, we declare her resort to henna to be not only a right, but a duty to both. The custom of lacing we judge to be far less prevalent than it was a dozen years ago; the wiser method of dieting seems to have superseded it; but, even so, no fair-minded person can behold a woman without realizing that God meant her to be attractive; and He knows, as well as we, that there is nothing more hideous than a plashy feminine appearance. In passing judgment upon this point, therefore, even on religious grounds, we could go no further conscientiously than St. Paul went in enjoining moderation in all things.

Moreover, we believe in woman's right as well as in women's rights, just as we hang tenaciously to the doctrine of individual liberty for man. As a people, we will not go far astray if we sustain the time-honored principle that they are best governed who are least governed, and further insist that each and every thinking person may do whatever in the world best pleases himself or herself, so long as such conduct does not affect deleteriously the welfare of the community. That is the distinctively American idea and the basis of all true freedom; wherefore, we set our face fixedly against every opposing tendency, political or otherwise, and earnestly maintain that woman's enhancement, by harmless artifices, of Nature's endowment of charm is as clearly her inalienable prerogative as immunity from interference with thought and speech is that of man.

SATURDAY, *January 12.* **On Being Younger or Older.**

THERE seem to be a beginning and an end of the above reflection, and there may be correlation between the two, but if so we humbly confess our inability to detect it. What the desirability of growing old gracefully, in conformity with the plain intent of nature, has to do with safeguarding personal liberty would pass the comprehension of a Solomon. Who cares? No journey is so delightful as that which leads no one knows whither, and whose end is unforeseen even by the wayfarer himself. And yet the mere orderliness of mind which should not countenance

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vagaries, leaving a premise suspended in the air, and never so much as pointing to a conclusion, surely calls for duteous observance.

Why, then, *do* persons wish they were younger in years? Is the motive to be found in an honest desire to live one's life over and better, or in mere envy of those who seem to be lighter-hearted? If the former, there is no good reason to believe that the wider experience brought into play would make adequate compensation for the certain loss of the enthusiasm of ignorance; if the latter, there could be no effect other than the unhappiness of mental, moral and even physical isolation. The fulness of enjoyment of companionship can be had only with one's contemporaries in years, faculties and sympathies. Ignorance may profit from association with wisdom, but only through distasteful confession of inferiority by the one and shameful waste of time by the other. Not even egotism can long abide such relationship; overweening conceit, which itself is the essence of folly, alone can endure it. Undeniably, inspiration may be drawn from the young and useful lessons from the old, but these are mere helps to one's own equipment, such as can be obtained with greater readiness and a sense of surer guidance from books. We heard once, not authoritatively, of course, and yet with sufficient indication of verity, of an aged man who died and went to heaven, and, being accorded the privilege of appointing his own form of beatitude, seized the opportunity to gratify a desire that had possessed him for many years, and took his place among the young angels. He found himself in hell. The immaturity of their knowledge inspired in his breast only pity and contempt; his own superior wisdom, on the other hand, so bored their buoyant spirits that they flew away from him at every opportunity; necessarily, therefore, he was left solitary and miserable, and was glad indeed to return to the company of his equals.

The famous American philosopher who related to us this incident would not guarantee its authenticity, but we have no doubt whatever that the result of a similar experiment on earth would be the same. Nature hedges us about with certain restrictions which may as well be recognized cheerfully, since they cannot be ignored. For ourselves, after no small waste of time in testing theories, we find personal association with men slightly younger and with women a few years older to be the most profitable. Lacking

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the opportunity of communing with either, we turn promptly to the ambitious and well-bred American lad or to his placid and spiritually inclined grandmother; with silly girls and vain old men we have no patience, and we extend to them only such consideration as courtesy exacts.

Under no circumstances would we, if we could, be a single day further from or nearer to the grave. A desire to be younger, carried to its logical conclusion, would result in a hope to live and strive for food and clothes or their equivalents forever, than which surely no prospect could be more dreary or fatal to incentive. On the whole, we are disposed to believe that the wish to renew one's youth which we hear expressed so often is wholly thoughtless and, if the opportunity for its gratification really offered, would be abandoned as quickly as any person living would reject a proposal to make a complete exchange of soul, mind, body and all surrounding conditions with any other person.

MONDAY, *January 14.* **The Progress of Esperanto.**

IF the number of responses to our proposal to enrol members of a general society for the promulgation of Esperanto affords a true indication of the enthusiasm likely to be developed, there is already ample justification for the prediction of Doctor Zamenhof that America will become the centre of interest in the new universal language. Expressions of desire to become members of the society and participate in the movement have come from every part of the Union and from persons in all walks of life, although naturally, and encouragingly, of course, the class most largely represented is that engaged in educational work of some sort. Following the custom pursued in England and other countries, we shall assign to each person signifying a wish to enrol a number in the order of applications received, and make due notification by mail. A convenient form of request for enrolment will be found in the advertising section of this REVIEW.

In answer to many inquiries, we wish to say that we shall publish soon in convenient, but materially amplified, book form the simple primer now being printed upon our supplementary pages; and we have in process of preparation other books which will be supplied to enrolled members at cost. We wish particularly to encourage the formation of local groups, and we shall present in

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an early number a set of by-laws designed to serve the purpose of those forming such organizations. No obligation, pecuniary or otherwise, attends enrolment as a member of the general society; on the contrary, certain distinct advantages, we are confident, will accrue as the movement progresses. From England generally, and especially from Mr. William T. Stead, the famous publicist, who presently will visit this country, we acknowledge the receipt of most encouraging messages supplementing the inspiriting words of Doctor Zamenhof in the latest number of the REVIEW; in return, we feel justified in giving assurance that America will be suitably represented at the World Congress to be held at Cambridge, England, in August of the present year.

It is gratifying to be able to record that the serious newspapers of the country have given prompt recognition to the movement and manifest a disposition to help it forward. Of the many that have made favorable comment, the two most conspicuous are the New York "Sun" and the Boston "Herald," each of which is noted for its distinction and its literary quality. The "Sun" says:

"Esperanto is ridiculed no longer by the observing. Thirty periodicals are published in it. Esperanto clubs are everywhere in Europe, and thousands of people practise with it in their correspondence. The Esperanto conventions are large, noisy and enthusiastic. Almost any one can understand some of the words, and a linguist can guess at the meaning of nearly all of them. Extra words are obtained by simple affixes to the root, so that in course of time Esperanto will have a copious, possibly a cumbrous, vocabulary. Any word-builder will be able to add to it if not to improve it.

"Dr. Zamenhof is nothing if not enthusiastic. He expects to see a great boom in Esperanto among Americans, whose love of novelty and nervous energy he admires. They are soon to outstrip Europeans in the cult, and 'before long America will be the centre of Esperanto.' When the doctor submits that we need it in our business, who shall gainsay him, seeing that we do business with the whole world? He hastens to assure us that Esperanto is a convenience, not a substitute. We can still keep our literature in the old spelling. The convenience is the practical use of Esperanto, but it is the ideal function of it that the worthy doctor is most interested in. He believes that it will be more potent than the Hague tribunal in preventing wars between the nations, because the more their people understand one another the less provocation there will naturally be for resorting to force to settle their disputes. 'The brotherhood of man,' says Dr. Zamenhof, 'is the object for which Esperanto was created and the reason why Esperantists always

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so obediently and self-sacrificingly fight for their language, despite the attacks and the ridicule they suffered during the early years.'"

The Boston "Herald" says:

"It is not always true that 'necessity is the mother of ention,' for a direr necessity never existed for the appearance of some great philosophical genius like Dr. Zamenhof, the inventor of Esperanto—a genius able to prepare and sell for two cents a grammar and a vocabulary of 2,000 root-words, from which 70,000 nouns, verbs, adverbs and adjectives could easily be formed by a few simple rules.

"Anybody ought to be able to swing fluently, gracefully and eruditely around the linguistic circle with a vocabulary of 70,000 words—probably 65,000 more than the majority of us are masters of in our own native English, French or German. Yet all this has Dr. Zamenhof achieved in his creation of a new inter-racial language which any intelligent man or woman can learn to read, write and speak in a month or two. Only get it once universally adopted, as an auxiliary to one's mother tongue, and then one might travel at will, not only to France or Italy, but among the Kalmuck Tartars or people of Borneo, and ask for koumiss or head-money and get it every time.

"In the last number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW there was printed an intensely interesting and touching address of this same Dr. Zamenhof before the 'Second European Esperanto Congress,' a congress attended by eminent men from England, France, Germany and Russia.

"The most cursory perusal of the speeches there will soon disabuse the mind of the idea that Esperanto is only another kind of lingo like the pidgin English used in Canton and Shanghai to facilitate imperfect intercourse between coolies and Britishers who want their shirts washed. It is a scientifically constructed language as much superior in simplicity to the grammatical chaos of our own tongues as the astronomy of Copernicus to the cycles and epicycles of Hipparchus. 'It is a language of humanity,' declared venerable Ernest Naville of France, 'that once adopted as an auxiliary will constitute one of the great dates of history.'

"Dr. Zamenhof himself is clearly a man of combined philological and humanitarian genius. Born in Bialystok, even from childhood his mind was tortured with the sight of the hates and massacres growing out of the ignorance of people of one another in southern and eastern Russia, induced by total inability to exchange a word through common speech. To the solution of this terrible problem he consecrated his life, enduring poverty, persecution and scorn in his resolve to annihilate this barrier, and, so to speak, get even with the Tower-of-Babel curse."

But for lack of space we should have pleasure in reprinting many other similar expressions; the editorial utterances of these two leading journals, however, suffice to indicate the seriousness with which the movement is regarded already. We repeat that we shall gladly answer any inquiries either in these pages or by personal communication, as may seem to us best.

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